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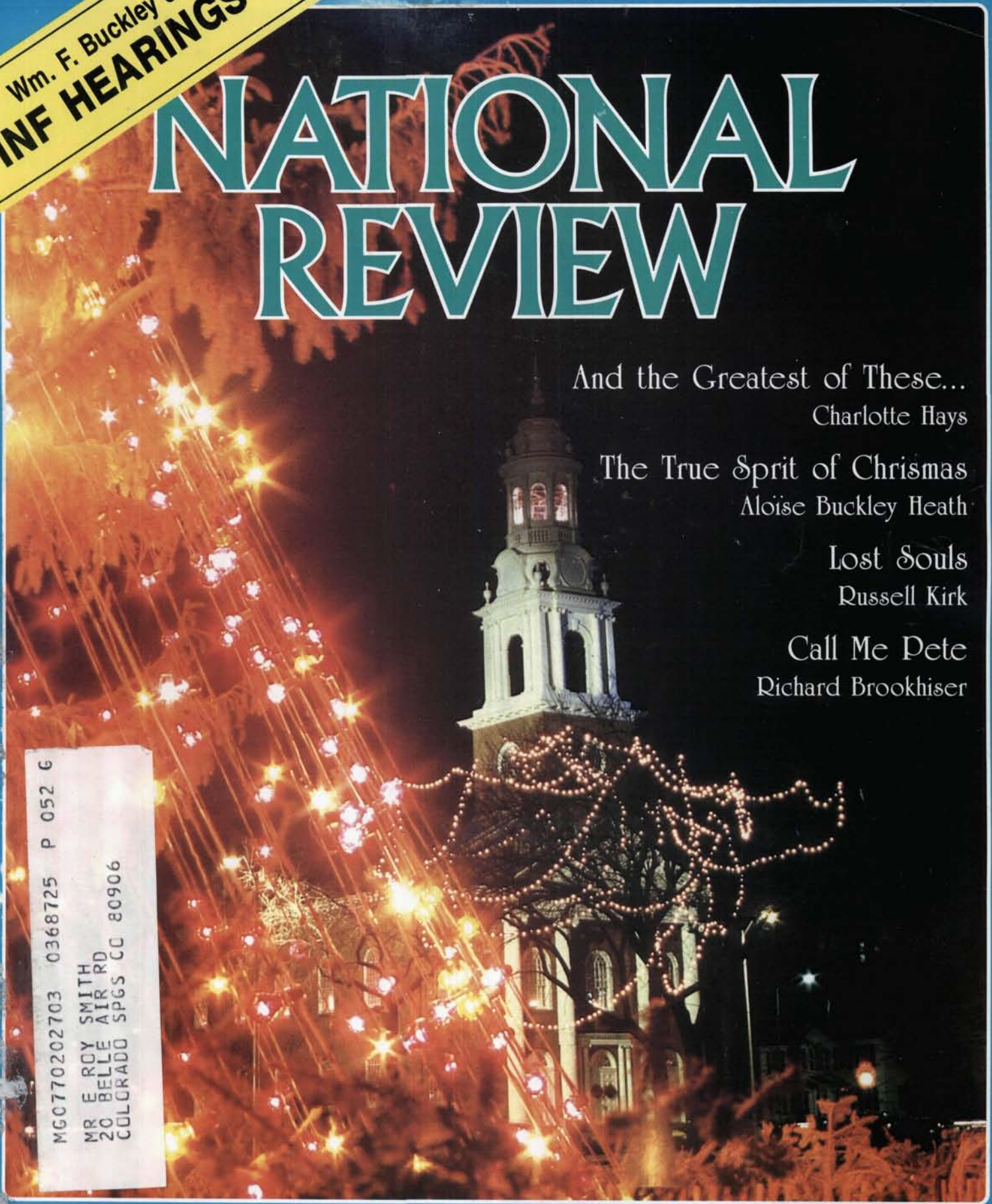

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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1987. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $36.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Bethellmania

I was at first puzzled, and then increasingly pleased, by Tom Bethell's article on U.S. immigration policy ["A New Statute of Liberty," Dec. 18]. The puzzlement and the pleasure both stemmed from the same fact: I couldn't figure out what "line" Bethell was taking, and then realized that was because he wasn't following either of the two standard lines on immigration policy ("They're overrunning us—keep 'em out" or "We're a nation of immigrants—let 'em stay"). Instead, he was striking out for himself, setting down various bits of evidence no matter in which direction they might lead.

So Bethell pokes fun (perhaps not *entirely* justly: the time to worry may be *before* you have a problem) at Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming, who was the great supporter of legislation to contain illegal immigration even though he represents "a state where illegal aliens can scarcely be said to exist"; but Bethell also points to the amazing assertion by Representative Mario Biaggi that 40 per cent of the people living in federally subsidized housing in New York City are illegal aliens—"giving," says Bethell, "the lie to the oft-repeated claim that illegals don't go on welfare."

His discussion of Senator Kennedy's proposed legislation to ease immigration from Europe was particularly subtle. He doesn't ignore Kennedy's obvious motivation in proposing this legislation; but he hints that perhaps Americans would be less worried about immigration if it weren't all coming from one or two non-English-speaking sources.

Ruth Erickson
New York, N.Y.

The Congressman Doth Protest

As a participant in the selection of Foreign Affairs subcommittee chairmen, I must dispute the assertions of J. Michael Waller and Joseph Sobran in "Congress's Red Army" [July 31].

Judge Crockett and I may or may not agree on various foreign-policy issues. But in all his dealings with me, he has always been a gentleman. Neither he nor our Democratic colleagues sought to undermine my seniority on the Foreign Affairs Committee.

I did not pursue the Western Hemisphere subcommittee because I was waist-deep in embassy-security matters relating to my chairmanship of International Operations. It simply would not have been appropriate to leave that subcommittee while trying to implement a $2.4-billion embassy-security program.

The fact is that Contra aid is not a litmus test for Foreign Affairs subcommittee chairmen in the 100th Congress. Had I chosen to run for Western Hemisphere, I am certain Judge Crockett would have respected my seniority.

Daniel A. Mica
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

We are grateful for Congressman Mica's version. It would have been more helpful if we could have gotten a comment from him or his staff when we asked them for one. Accordingly, the version we got from our sources strikes us as the more plausible. Now that Congressman Mica has switched sides on supporting the Nicaraguan freedom-fighters, he should find the gent from Detroit even friendlier.

Joseph Sobran
J. Michael Waller

Czech Bounces Back

Your editorial "Nobel Dynamite" ["The Week," Nov. 20] expresses puzzlement over the Swedish Academy's standards for the Nobel Prize for literature. "A widespread suspicion exists that it has none." As proof, you name two past winners you are unfamiliar with, including Jaroslav Seifert; but you are delighted that this year it chose Joseph Brodsky, somebody you know well.

Swedes live on a continent of 33 countries and about as many languages. They are familiar with a struggle for national identity unknown in America, with the importance of poetry for national identity and the difficulty it has crossing national and language barriers. Aware of these facts, the Academy awards its prizes to different voices regardless of what seems important or relevant to powerful and self-conscious America.

The Czech poet Jaroslav Seifert, who won the Nobel in 1984, is probably the best-known Czech poet of this century in his own country. He was able to capture the beauty and melody of the Czech language; he was not a big thinker, but he expressed the poetry of everyday life. Virtually everyone in Czechoslovakia

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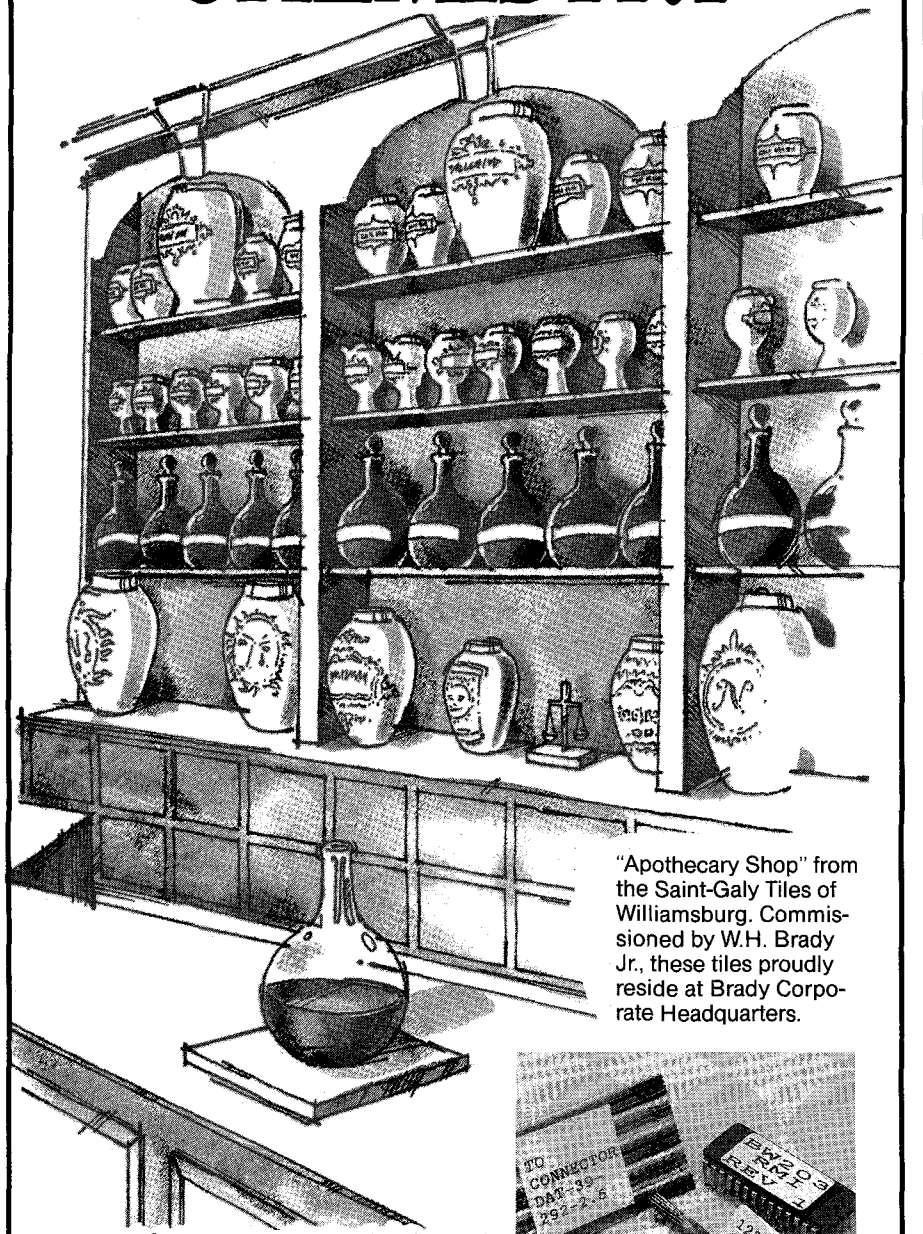

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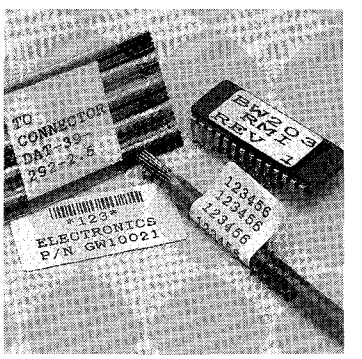

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knows him; people are able to recite his poems from memory.

Furthermore, he was not a Communist: in 1977, he signed Charter 77, joining the independent human-rights movement which is still alive despite significant persecution. Seifert managed to survive as a voice of sincerity in a nation that strives not to lose hope in the future. He was as good a choice as Brodsky, whom you know simply because he now lives in the States and publishes in English.

Lida Pele
Wahpeton, N.D.

Loyal to the End

I take exception to Brian Crozier's statement ["The Broader Picture," Nov. 6] that "the North-Poindexter policy of arming Iran was desperately misguided." First, it is misleading to state that North and Poindexter had a policy of arming Iran. Our government secretly sold arms to Iran in order to: 1) establish a more moderate government in Iran; 2) obtain intelligence; and 3) further the release of American hostages held in Beirut. The 2,016 TOW missiles and the HAWK spare parts did not alter the balance of power in the Iraq-Iran war.

In our secret contacts with Iran during the fall of 1986, Iran expressed a desire to establish a joint commission of four Americans and four Iranians to meet in secret and come up with a program of improving relations. It seems clear that the North-Poindexter efforts to set up ongoing contacts with Iran were deliberately sabotaged by George Shultz, whose subsequent policy of siding with Iraq in the Gulf War has needlessly involved us in hostilities with Iran, with potentially disastrous consequences. Meanwhile, Soviet influence in Iran continues to grow, bringing us nearer the day when the Indian Ocean will be a Soviet lake. Poindexter should be Secretary of State.

Miller Todd
Port Gibson, Miss.

Letter from Philmont

A copy of your November 6 issue has been handed to me, and the article referring to me ["Maggie in Ollieland"] stinks. I consider it trash written by a liar such as plenty of news media are today. I did not wear an old blue sweater. Yes, I am over 75—I happen to be 84 and have bounced around plenty in my lifetime.

I'm sorry you have such uncouth people as Maggie Gallagher on your magazine.

Estelle M. Schlegel
Philmont, N.Y.

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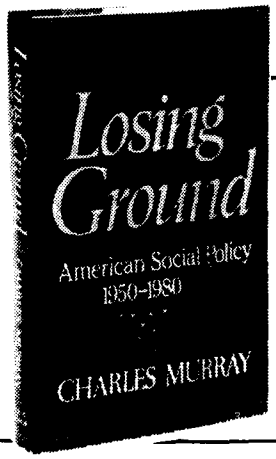

"The hottest political book of the decade." HOUSTON CHRONICLE

LOSING GROUND IGNITES NATIONAL DEBATE ON SOCIAL-WELFARE POLICY

New York City—Charles Murray's *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980* has sent social scientists and policymakers on the left and right scrambling for data to support or rebut the book's thesis that government anti-poverty programs have hurt more than helped the poor. *Losing Ground* has succeeded in triggering one of the hottest debates of the 1980s.

Most significant is how the book has shifted the debate. The advocates of poverty programs who have defended them against budget cuts now find themselves arguing not how best to use federal dollars but if helping the poor is a proper function of government.

"Nothing more important than Charles Murray's work has come along in recent years," said Michael Horowitz, counsel to the Office of Management and Budget, "and his role as a morally credible spokesman for the conservative side of the debate has opened up the dialogue. Everybody who disagrees with him disagrees respectfully."

LOSING GROUND WINS WHITE HOUSE SUPPORT

White House aides credit *Losing Ground* as one of the Reagan Administration's main sources of inspiration for restructuring social welfare policy. President Reagan echoed a Murray theme in a State of the Union address saying, "Policies that increase dependency, break up families and destroy self-responsibility are not progressive..."

Media sources, including **The Wall Street Journal**, have reported that *Losing Ground* is "considered a bible of sorts within the federal Office of Management and Budget." Its associate director, John Cogan, has stated that *Losing Ground* "is already an important part of the policymakers' thinking."

LBJ SYMPOSIUM CENTERS ON *LOSING GROUND*

Austin—As reported in *The Washington Post*, the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs symposium, "The Great Society: A Twenty Year Critique," became a debate that seemed more preoccupied with critiquing *Losing Ground* than with the social reforms of the mid 1960s.

Charles Murray was one of several scholars and former government officials invited to participate in the 2-day conference held at the University of Texas in Austin.

THE MEDIA DEBATE RAGES ON

- "Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* is the most influential presentation of the radical view that government can best help the poor by leaving them to their own devices." CHICAGO SUN TIMES
- "Murray's ideas about remedying the plight of the poor are unresponsive, unkind and unsafe." BUSINESS WEEK
- "...thoughtful, controversial book...any discussion of future social policy will have to take (Murray's) evidence into account." THE WASHINGTON POST
- "attractive on the surface...based largely on clever statistical distortion." NEWSDAY
- "Murray is essentially right. We cannot reduce poverty simply by being generous. Ultimately, only economic growth and individual effort will suffice." NEWSWEEK
- "...Murray has, in the service of a radical political agenda, consistently omitted or concealed critical facts and research findings that do not support his case." THE NEW REPUBLIC
- "Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions (of social policy) well into the 1980's." THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
- "A closet Social Darwinist ideology." BALTIMORE SUN
- "...forms the intellectual underpinnings for assualts upon social programs currently underway in Washington." U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT

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FOR THE RECORD

Despite the hoop-la, American distrust of Soviet Union is deeply ingrained. *Washington Post*/ABC News poll published Dec. 7—the day **Gorbachev** and **Raisa** arrived—shows 60 per cent of Americans believe USSR to be a serious/very serious threat to U.S.A.; 48 per cent don't believe agreement will affect chance of future nuclear war. . . . Brand new **Penn & Schoen** poll ordered by Committee on the Present Danger (**Midge Decter**) shows that though 73 per cent of Americans support concept of a Europe free of medium-range missiles, 72 per cent oppose treaty if Soviets will have advantage in other nuclear weapons in Europe; 66 per cent oppose it if it leaves the Soviets with an advantage in conventional forces in Europe (which it does); 75 per cent oppose it if it cannot be effectively verified. . . . **Gallup**-Pakistan (a Gallup affiliate), after extensive questioning of Afghan refugees in Pakistan, reports approximately 1.5 million Afghans killed or permanently incapacitated in nine years since Soviet invasion. Dr. **Jjaz Gilani**, chairman of Gallup-Pakistan, points out that's 9 per cent of 1978 population, or a higher percentage of population than USSR lost (8.6 per cent) in WW II. . . . Gorbachev's admission in **Brokaw** interview that USSR has engaged in its own SDI research is amply confirmed by Pentagon study that reveals USSR has spent $80 billion on military space programs over past decade. . . . Pacifist **Helen Caldicott** isn't worried about Gorbachev's sincerity. He is "the only sane leader in the world. He is like **Jesus**. He just keeps giving out good things like arms-control proposals and [getting] hit with rejections."

Matt, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rothco

"Hangover nouveau."

It just doesn't play—the Democratic field, that is. Houston didn't do it, neither did NBC's ballyhooed 12-man debate. Here's what leading Democrats and political analysts concluded after NBC show. **Robert Strauss**, former DNC chairman: "We don't have one or more voices telling where our party ought to go or providing any vision for America. . . . Until we do that I don't think the American people will turn to us." . . . **David Chagall**, political analyst in Los Angeles: "[The Democrats] looked like the outs. They had no new ideas, no forceful presentations." . . . **Stephen Hess**, of Brookings: "The Democrats now have had six to eight months to put their show on the road. This was Broadway last night, their first network performance, . . . and none of them had the quality." . . . Sen. **Bob Graham** (Fla.): "This is the year for Democrats to recapture the White House. . . . If we don't do it this year, it looks bleak for the rest of the century." . . . Sen. **Ernest Hollings** (S.C.): "At the moment, we don't have anybody with the stature of **Dole** or **Bush**." . . . **Alvin From**, executive director, Democratic Leadership Council: "I don't think they're serious." . . . **Ann Lewis**, ex-DNC: "The party is waiting for Prince Charming." . . . **Mary Hatwood Futrell**, president of NEA: The NEA can't at this point endorse any candidate; it tends toward **Dukakis**, **Simon**, and **Jackson**. . . . In London, the bookmaker **William Hill** is giving 4 to 1 odds that **Mario Cuomo** will make it to the White House next year. (If Cuomo fails to enter race, all bets are off.)

Bork residuals: **Joseph Biden** is getting it from Left for setting **Anthony Kennedy** hearing so soon—December 14. **Arthur Kropp** of People for the American Way was "deeply disappointed," as were **Ralph Neas** of Leadership Conference on Civil Rights and **Benjamin Hooks** of NAACP. All three organizations played major role in propaganda campaign against Bork. . . . **Molly Yard** of NOW (National Organization for Women)—who is, incidentally, making **Eleanor Smeal** look good—has called on all those who opposed Robert Bork to call, write, or visit their senators and demand they vote against Kennedy. . . . **Herman Schwartz**, professor of constitutional law at American University, says our views of Kennedy may be distorted "by his being compared with very extreme people like Judge Bork, who has views that almost nobody in the United States in a responsible position shares." . . . And a news story on Kennedy's nomination in Communist *People's Daily World* reports: "Some Capitol Hill lobbyists are questioning whether Kennedy fits into the mold cast by retired Justice **Lewis Powell**. . . . These lobbyists are concluding that Kennedy would not provide a swing vote for the liberal members of the Court on issues like abortion and affirmative action, as Powell did."

Hero of the hour on **Rona Barrett**'s CNN Hollywood show the night the Gorbachevs arrived was Soviet comedian **Yakov Smirnoff**. Was Raisa like **Nancy Reagan**? Why, yes. For instance, said Smirnoff, she loves good ballet, which is why she had to come to the States to see the best Russian ballet dancers. She also undertook to redecorate the Kremlin—new fabrics, a paint job—but when "she asked her husband for China everyone got nervous." To a caller who asked what happens in the Soviet Union when you apply for an exit visa, as Smirnoff did seven years ago, he replied: Right away you lose your job, then the harassments start, sort of—groping for an American equivalent—"sort of like being on *60 Minutes*."

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THE WEEK

☐ In case anyone still doubted that the Arias peace plan was a dud, the guy got the Nobel Prize for it.

☐ The media dramaturgists ignore this sort of thing, but Senator Paul Simon has signed on as a co-sponsor of a federal homosexual-rights bill—the Cranston Civil Rights Amendment Act of 1987, which would give sexual deviancy the same protection as race under the terms of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. It's apparently not news, as far as Dan Rather and the *New York Times* are concerned, that a presidential candidate has made a bold appeal for homosexual support, even though this is big news *within* the "gay community" and would be equally interesting to millions of people who have intuitive or explicit reservations about "gay rights" and other codifications of "sexual freedom." You read it here first. And probably last.

☐ There may be some serious movement in the run-up to the New Hampshire primary in February. All of the candidates have been working the state intensively, of course, but Nackey Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader*, after hoping for Jeane Kirkpatrick, has endorsed Pete du Pont in a front-page editorial. It is difficult to assess what, if any, effect this might have on voter opinion, but the *Union Leader* is the only statewide newspaper in New Hampshire, and it has probably gained even wider acceptance than before under the leadership of Mrs. Loeb. At about the same time, a poll of Republican undergraduates at Dartmouth turned up the following levels of support: Bush, 43 per cent; Dole, 21 per cent; du Pont, 19 per cent; Kemp, 8 per cent; Haig and Robertson, 4 per cent each.

☐ The recent referendum in Poland was a textbook example of Communist deceit. Western media have reported that the Polish government "lost" the referendum when only 46 per cent of the population endorsed the government's reform program. In fact, the government lost absolutely nothing. It had structured the referendum so that no matter which way the vote went, it would gain political advantage. If the voters endorsed the so-called "reform program," they would be giving the government carte blanche to undertake an austerity program intended to rescue the economy by demanding greater sacrifices from the workers. If the voters turned it down, the government would blame its economic troubles on the workers, while postponing the contrived "democratization" reforms that were part of the package. Heads I win, tails you lose. Solidarity activists saw through this ploy and called for a boycott of the referendum. When it was over, as Lech Walesa had predicted, a government spokesman announced that "the pace and range of democratization" would probably be slowed down.

☐ After only seven hours of negotiations, Nicaragua torpedoed the talks between Sandinista representatives and the Contras that had just gotten under way in the Dominican Republic. President Daniel Ortega rejected an appeal from Cardinal Obando, the appointed mediator in the talks, for an immediate ceasefire, stating categorically that there could be no truce with the Contras, and that "we are going to continue hitting them hard during this whole month of December." Ortega no doubt believes that Congress is about to do his dirty work for him anyway, so what point is there in compromise? Now he will claim that he was willing to negotiate, but the Contras acted in bad faith—a line that all too many congressmen will buy. When it comes to Central America, what Congress lacks in judgment, it makes up in wishful thinking.

☐ The case of the Mariel Cubans was a mess from the start, as Castro intended it to be. Admittedly, it would have been difficult for President Carter to have turned down the horde of refugees who arrived on our shores in 1980, in a flotilla of small boats. But

Dreaming with the Dwarfs

Gephardt wants a tariff bill;
  Babbitt wants to jolly
Jackson off the platform, while
  Simon, off his trolley,
Gives it to Dukakis, who
  Dreams of platform heels,
Leaving Gore to dream about
  Fading fund appeals.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In his televised interview with the anchors of the four networks, President Reagan, who was seeking to reassure a waiting nation, instead unleashed a political maelstrom on the Right. He said three things that grieved and angered conservatives: 1) those who are against the INF treaty believe war with the Soviet Union is inevitable; 2) Gorbachev is not to blame for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan because it did not happen on his watch; 3) the INF treaty should not be bogged down by linkage to Soviet performance on other matters, notably the Helsinki Accord, with its requirements on human rights.

To many of his loyal supporters, Reagan has committed a kind of heresy. "We are for peace," says a Heritage Foundation fellow who met with Reagan just before Thanksgiving to discuss the INF treaty and related matters, "but we're also for peace and freedom. That means maintaining a credible deterrent in Europe." What Reagan has done, he adds, is suggest a black-and-white dichotomy between peacelovers and warmongers. "If Jimmy Carter had said this on the eve of a Summit," observed a longtime Reagan supporter, "we would have crucified him."

The day after Reagan dropped his political neutron bomb, leaving the structure of the conservative movement intact but devastating its members, some twenty groups formed an ad-hoc Anti-Appeasement Alliance. Led by mail-order king Richard Viguerie and ideological purist Howard Phillips, the group denounced Reagan and his INF accord. "Reagan is a useful idiot for Soviet propagandists," said Phillips, borrowing the famous Leninist phrase. Senate opponents of the treaty saw themselves branded as warmongers by their own President. On weekend news programs, Secretary of State Shultz reconfirmed Reagan's view, thereby leaving the impression that the President's blast may have been a stratagem to secure speedy ratification of the accord in an election year. Weaken the impact of the Right by stigmatizing its spokesmen, so the thinking presumably went, and ratification will be easier.

Shultz & Co. were worried about the crescendo of quibbling over the INF's proposed terms, particularly following the all-comers presidential debate at the Kennedy Center. Of the GOP candidates, only Bush voiced unequivocal approval of the treaty. The White House staff, stung by the Bork and Ginsburg failures, is taking no risks.

In a week in which Mike Deaver told his version of how he and the First Lady conspired to sack Richard Allen and Bill Clark, hard-liners found their paranoia reinforced. Many of them say they are accustomed to ingratitude from the Reagan staff, anyway. Conservatives, so the White House thinking has gone for years, will get on board because they have no place else to go. Now that is no longer true. It is Reagan who is going, albeit with a long shadow.

As yet, no GOP candidate has been able to emerge from that shadow. Each has attempted to be more Reaganesque than the last, and GOP surveys have shown the merits of that strategy. The GOP electorate has wanted to nominate a candidate who will carry on in the image of Reagan after Reagan has gone.

All of this could change, however, if Mr. Reagan and the White House continue to make ideological war on the conservatives. Should the break between Reagan and his followers widen, the splintered conservative movement might yet coalesce around an alternative candidate. In this scenario, Bush is too closely tied to Reagan. Seeing this, Dole seized upon the unexpected turn of events and rushed to the defense of conservative motives, thus positioning himself to the right of Reagan. Although Dole's posture on the deficit and taxes is still too ambiguous for most conservatives, his voting record nonetheless does lean heavily to the right. If not Dole, Kemp and du Pont are the most likely to gain from a spat between the Reagan-Bush Administration and disaffected conservative leaders.

So, suddenly, it's possible to run to Reagan's right in the 1988 campaign. How Reagan handles matters during the debate over ratification will determine whether such running room broadens. It was poor form for Phillips and Viguerie to lash out against the President on the eve of the Summit (Washington insiders point out, derisively, that both men have kept themselves alive politically for the past seven years by attacking the perceived ideological impurities of Ronald Reagan). But this may be more than another case of conservatives' exasperation with their long, and at times troubled, affair with Mr. Reagan.

Of course, Mr. Reagan could prevent a breakup by even a modest show of contrition and purposive amendment. One thing is certain: for hard-liners, the post-Reagan era began with the President's interview. The search for a conservative successor to Ronald Reagan has now begun in earnest. —CATO

Castro slipped him a Mickey: he loaded the crowd with jailbirds and insane people. The mess will need to be sorted out, not an easy thing to do. But it is striking that these men prefer prison in America to freedom in Cuba.

☐ Boston University's President John Silber may well be the most important university president in the United States. He has led his university into genuine academic eminence, attracted first-rate professors and first-rate students, raised mountains of money, strengthened his trustees, articulated eloquently the basic values of a free society, and faced down triumphantly the liberal/fascist bullies on his own faculty. He now goes on a six-month sabbatical leave, a new and wholly desirable wrinkle for university presidents, who typically—though Silber surely does not—desperately need time to think and gather their courage. Silber, a genuine national resource, can reassure Boston in the accents of Douglas MacArthur, "I shall return."

☐ There's a rather interesting dust-up at Yale over the late Professor Paul de Man. De Man, who died in 1983, was Sterling Professor of the Humanities and

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the leading guru of the deconstructionist school of literary criticism. A researcher has just found that in 1941 and 1942, de Man, in his native Belgium, wrote numerous pieces for the Nazi paper *Le Soir*, in which he discussed such things as the Jewish "pollution" of modern fiction. Consternation in New Haven. Petitions circulating pro-de Man—that is, the de Man of recent years. Others of an unforgiving nature. Confusion reigns. The offending essays are going to be edited and published. It is well to reserve judgment until these texts are available. However, a preliminary observation: As in the case of Pablo Neruda, one can write odes to Stalin, die a publicly unrepentant Stalinist, and still be a hero to the Western intelligentsia. But de Man is the case of the young person beguiled by Nazism—who is judged forever cretinous. This curious case deserves watching.

☐ Recent research has concluded that the AIDS virus is mutating five times as fast as the influenza virus —previously thought to be the fastest-mutating virus. Everyone knows about the difficulty in developing effective flu vaccines; well, multiply it by five, and you see how serviceable an AIDS vaccine is likely to be. But more importantly, current AIDS tests assay for an antibody to a specific protein, and when the protein changes beyond a certain point, our tests will no longer identify antibodies. This means an increasing likelihood of false-negative AIDS tests, and increasing risk to health-care workers. The virus may even mutate in such a way as to make it more easily transmissible. Three days after this news appeared in the *Washington Post* last September, Surgeon General C. Everett Koop warned the President's AIDS Commission about a "fearful and irrational minority" of health-care workers who won't treat AIDS patients. He went on to say, "In some ways the purely scientific issues pale in comparison to the highly sensitive issues of law, ethics, economics, morality, and social cohesion that are beginning to surface." Now, there is a wide gulf between saying, "Medicine is and always has been a calling that requires risk-taking in the service of others," and saying that there are no risks. Political pressure is overriding sound scientific judgment about containing this plague.

☐ Sensing exactly what grown-ups mean when they talk about "academic freedom," students at the University of California, Santa Barbara, demonstrated against a lecturer who had been in the CIA, and got him banned from teaching.

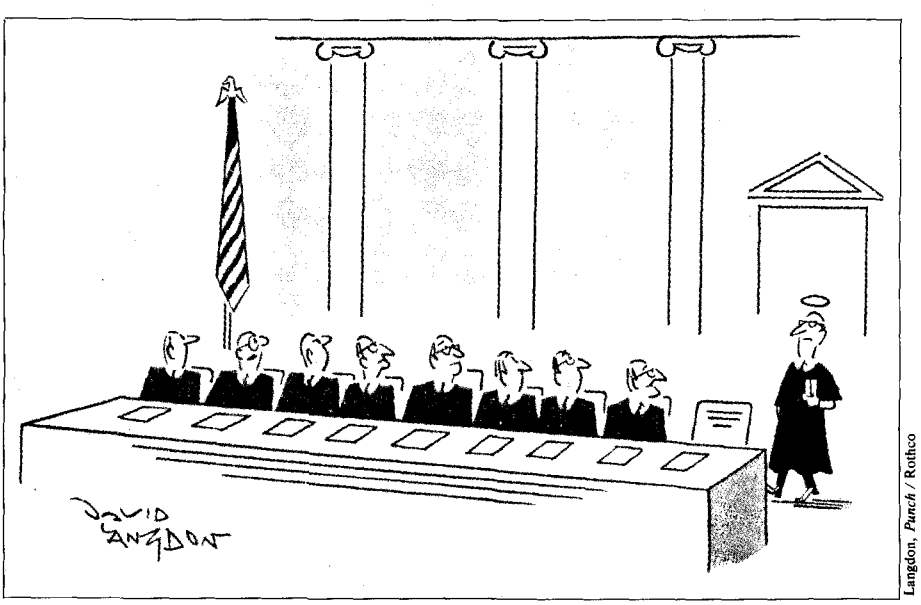
☐ Police in a major city were reportedly about to kick down the door on a big coke-and-broads party, until the mayor called out that he'd fire every one of them if they came in.

The Summit

IT WAS Winston Churchill who first coined the phrase, in proposing a meeting "at the summit" in the early 1950s, during his second term as Prime Minister. Stalin had died, there was a new crowd in control in the Kremlin, and the time seemed propitious to settle differences. In time, the meeting at the summit occurred, then another, and another, until they began to blur, unless marked—Glassboro, Reykjavik—by some unusual name. Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev have added one more Summit to the tally. What have they added, or not added, to the play of forces in the real world?

It is useful, for starters, to say what the Summit was not about. One thing it wasn't about was human rights. On the eve of Gorbachev's visit, Washington saw a massive demonstration on behalf of Soviet Jews. There were smaller, but no less passionate, appeals for Soviet Christians, and for the Baltic nations. The goal of such demonstrations is to put "human rights" issues on the agenda.

Sometimes, by dint of enormous pressure, a Sakharov is released, or a few thousand Jews get visas. But to speak of these victories in terms of "human rights" is incoherent. The Soviet Union is not a Western-style society with a few rough edges. Gorbachev, in his pre-Summit interview on NBC, was quite candid. "We will resolve" economic problems, he told Tom Brokaw, "in the framework of socialism. . . . I see no need for any



Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Ah, they've finally decided on someone."

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other party." Occasionally, for gain or for PR, the Kremlin loosens a screw or two. But "human rights" is never on its Summit agenda.

A matter of detail on which the commentators were as mistaken as on the great matter of philosophy was the intense skirmishing over verification. Frank J. Gaffney, a Pentagon hard-liner left behind in the sprint to the Summit, wrote an open letter to Reagan charging that the verification provisions needed tightening. Paul Nitze responded, the day the Summit began, by saying 1) they were the tightest provisions ever, and 2) they were tight enough. Verification had been the gravamen of Bob Dole's reservations.

Conservatives have called for verification for years. It is a necessary, and obvious, first step in treaty maintenance. (The fact that it's taken so long to become a live issue says something about the surreal world of arms control.) But verification is only a single step. The world created by a treaty must be one in which the signatories can act on the information they receive. Suppose, down the road, our verifiers tell us the Soviets are cheating, as they have cheated with respect to the ABM treaty. What then?

What then, as far as Western Europe is concerned, is nothing. Once we take our missiles out, we are in no position politically to put them back. One of the things the Washington Summit was actually about was the security of Western Europe, and the INF treaty leaves it shaken. *NR* has rehearsed the reasons for seven months. By removing the Pershings and cruises that constitute our flexible nuclear response, we leave Western Europe vulnerable to the Soviet Union's overwhelming conventional advantage, and to the potential for blackmail it represents. Since, as Seymour Weiss pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal*, we have also agreed to ban conventionally armed cruise missiles, we increase the Soviets' conventional advantage still further.

By shaking the Alliance's security, we shatter its cohesion. Henry Kissinger, in an article earlier this fall in *Newsweek*, concluded that simply by virtue of our discussing the treaty, the damage has already been done. That assessment may be too gloomy. It is certainly true that once the treaty passes, Western Europe will draw its own conclusions, and draw, inevitably, away.

More important than European security is American security, another thing the Summit was about. A bad agreement is never discrete. Like a wave hitting a beach, it sucks in the next. Gorbachev's main target, of course, is SDI. His willingness to leave SDI off the agenda this time around was not a loss of will, but a sign of how far he has already come. Senator Nunn, with his new-found passion for the narrow interpretation of the ABM treaty, is doing Gorbachev's work for him. An SDI swathed in restrictions will be—no SDI. Nunn is motivated by pressures from the Democratic Party, which is riding the arms-control surf. So the force that Reagan set in motion sweeps all before it.

The final guarantor of national security and international peace is will—in a political context, political will. Here the Summit's effects have come quickest. The darkest days of the Carter Administration were always brightened by the prospect of a united conservative resistance. This Summit has fractured the Right (see also "Letter from Washington"). We have six candidates for the Republican nomination, all more or less conservative. Two support the treaty; four attack it; while the most conservative President in fifty years attacks and is attacked by conservative activists on the Hill and in Washington generally.

The Washington Summit joins the long, vague tally, but we will be long years undoing its work.

The Other Kennedy

IN THE DISTANT PAST, when judicial candidates were evaluated for the most part on strictly non-ideological criteria, no one had anything but kind words for Anthony M. Kennedy. "He is a diligent person. He is an intelligent person. He is of the very highest moral caliber." So rhapsodized Senator John Tunney during Kennedy's confirmation hearings, in 1975, for his present seat on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Nothing in Judge Kennedy's four hundred subsequent opinions should give Tunney or anyone else cause to change that high estimation. Judge Kennedy has been a model of judicial restraint, drawing narrowly crafted opinions that reflect a meticulous respect for the law in general and law-enforcement officers in particular. In a landmark dissent, upheld by the Supreme Court, Kennedy sculpted out a "good faith" exception to the exclusionary rule. He has supported the death penalty (which last term survived a constitutional challenge by a single vote—Lewis Powell's). In dozens of lesser cases, he has promulgated the common-sense view that courts should not treat police officers as public enemies. "Were a juror to announce that most law officers, by reason of their profession and their oath, are trustworthy and honest but that similar respect cannot be accorded to prisoners, I should be gratified, not shocked," Judge Kennedy wrote in *Darbin* v. *Nourse* (1981). "Those principles are consistent with a responsible citizenship and are not a ground to challenge the juror for cause."

So far, opposition to Kennedy has been muted, although the civil-rights leaders who savaged Robert Bork aren't embracing Judge Kennedy wholeheartedly either. But they should: because the liberty to walk the streets unmolested is the first benefit civil society should confer on its citizens, and the people who are most commonly the victims of crime on the streets are the poor, the aged, women, and minorities. For two decades the Supreme Court has systematically

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tied the hands of the men and women risking their lives to keep our streets safe. The confirmation of Judge Kennedy would send a message to those judicial potentates who, living in comfortably crime-free suburban ghettos, are more afraid of police than of prisoners. Siding with murderers against citizens isn't safeguarding our civil rights. Letting sex offenders off on technicalities doesn't protect the community. Silencing victims while allowing convicted thugs to plead "extenuating circumstances" isn't "fair" or "open-minded." It's just dangerous. And stupid.

Crowd Scene

FOR THOSE of you who missed the Babbitt, Bush, Dole, Dukakis, du Pont, Gephardt, Gore, Haig, Jackson, Kemp, Robertson, Simon debate, well, it was just about what you'd expect a Babbitt, Bush, Dole, Dukakis, du Pont, Gephardt, Gore, Haig, Jackson, Kemp, Robertson, Simon debate to be.

Once again Babbitt and Gephardt, sitting together on the same stage, failed to establish firmly that they are not the same person. One of them did stand up and challenge the others to stand up too, the idea being that they should take the Mondale Pledge to raise taxes if elected, and when they all stayed seated through the awkward moment, he observed with triumphantly stagy scorn that there weren't a lot of "profiles in courage" there that night.

Jackson, as usual, rhymed but didn't scan. Simon waffled on how he'd finance all his campaign promises, thereby losing some of his charm, which is that of a lovable troll in a *Star Wars* movie, though of course he opposes Star Wars.

Jack Kemp, Pete du Pont, and Pat Robertson tried to raise some of the real issues, which, in this setting, only made them seem out of it. George Bush merely seemed to want to get it over with, especially when Al Haig pressed him on why he didn't try to block the Iran arms sale—a question that will come back in a big way if Bush gets the 1988 nomination. And once again, Bush was the only Republican defending the INF treaty.

The format was so much like a TV game show that nobody could really stand out, and the only one who even stood up, as we say, was Babbitt, or Gephardt. No big winners, no big losers, no big deal.

Beware Good Times

WHAT IF THE PRESS threw a recession and nobody showed up? Just think of the embarrassment. Everyone would just have finished reading all those stories warning of bread lines and soup kitchens, only to find that nothing had changed very much. Worse still, President Reagan—a *conservative* and a *Republican*—would continue to preside over the longest and strongest peacetime expansion in U.S. history. Nothing could be worse than this. Even a Great Depression would surely be a small price to pay to rectify the indignity of seeing unsubdued capitalism continue to flourish. Such unwholesome ideas as reasonable tax rates, deregulation, and privatization really must be properly ridiculed before they get out of hand.

In August, when the five-year bull market hit its peak (so far), both the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times* featured stories on how unimportant stock prices were. Yet when stocks later fell back to merely twice the level that was always considered very high before "Reaganomics," that was a different story altogether. Although the previous $2-trillion increase in stock prices meant nothing, retracing half of that gain now meant the world had come to an end. Peter Kilborn of the *New York Times* even announced that this was the end of the Reagan revolution (this was "news," of course, not an editorial). All the pallbearers feigned tears, worrying that impoverished stockholders would (horrors) save more, and (even worse) import fewer Porsches, and (worse still) find extra bargains at the local K-Mart. Yet, as Milton Friedman pointed out, losses of wealth in the stock market were largely offset by increases in wealth in the larger bond market, because bond prices rose as interest rates fell. Some skeptics then pointed to a post-crash drop in the Conference Board's index of consumer confidence, but even after the drop that index remained higher than in 1986. Since October, there has been a fairly upbeat survey of purchasing agents, who buy things that expanding businesses need, as well as some evidence of sizable orders for future production. And, most embarrassing of all, employment kept rising briskly in November, which is scarcely a sign of hard times.

Within two months after the "crash," the vulturous fans of doomsday were obviously getting much more worried that nothing disastrous was about to occur. *Newsweek* decided that we're "prospering from a weaker dollar." (Not so; the Japanese economy is turning up too, after zero growth in the second quar-

Gorbachev's Holiday Visit

He landed on Pearl Harbor Day,
  Though no one seemed to mind,
So urgent was the need to lay
  Unpleasant things behind;
Then all those missiles that had made
  Such an appalling stink
Were banned forever, and he bade
  Good-bye, quick as a wink.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ter.) *USA Today* discovered "a host of signs that recession worries are overblown," and so did such traditional cynics as Leonard Silk of the *New York Times* and Lindley Clark of the *Wall Street Journal.* Across the sea, *The Economist* even thought "the dollar's charm may soon return." The world certainly offers plenty of things to worry about, including many of the candidates for the U.S. Presidency. But for those who have once again proclaimed the end of the Reagan expansion, nothing could be so worrisome as continued prosperity. Remember to keep some October press clips on the economy for next November, filed under "tragicomedy." They might just turn out to be as amusing as those of the last five years.

Rising above Principle

THERE ARE TIMES a man feels he must rise above principle, and for Prime Minister Jacques Chirac of France, this was one of those times. Chirac struck a dubious deal with Iran allowing a suspected mastermind of Middle East terrorism to leave the Iranian Embassy in Paris in exchange for a French diplomat held hostage in Teheran.

France's excuse for this behavior was that it had no solid evidence against the suspected official, Wahid Gordji. In order to maintain a façade of devotion to principle, the French insisted that Gordji appear before a French magistrate for questioning. That turned out to be a meeting of but a few minutes, during which Gordji professed his innocence. Even as he stood before the judge, an airplane was waiting to take him home.

The State Department has expressed outrage over France's handling of the whole hostage affair (Hostage II, or is it III, IV . . . ?), but in truth the whole Iran-Contra affair left our government with little credibility for denouncing another's dealings with Iran. Somehow Iran always manages to walk away from its outrages unscathed, while leaving its Western would-be interlocutors with egg on their faces. One might propose moving the Foreign Service Institute to Teheran, so that a new generation of American diplomats could be trained to extract maximum deals with minimum leverage.

De Gaulle once observed that France has no friends, but only interests. Certainly the French have raised the practice of political expediency to a high art form, while unfortunately never thinking about long-term consequences. If individual Western countries continue to undermine all hope for a united stance against terrorism, then terrorism will continue to prosper, to the detriment of all. As a more sensible French official said, "How can Europe hope to have a foreign policy, if it can't even agree about Iran?"

That's Obscenity!

FIRST AMENDMENTITES are fond of posing the rhetorical question, Who is to say what is "obscene"? Well . . . how about Larry Flynt?

Flynt, publisher of *Hustler*, makes no pretense of showing sex as a beautiful thing, and he doesn't go in for wholesome girl-next-door types. He wallows in sewage, somewhere in the sicko-to-diabolical range. He won't publish anything *unless* it's obscene.

A case in point is his attack on Jerry Falwell, the subject of a libel suit that has gone all the way to the Supreme Court. *Hustler* ran what it labeled an "ad parody—not to be taken seriously" in which Falwell was depicted as confessing to having committed incest with his mother in an outhouse.

A jury found this non-libelous, because it *said* it was only a parody, but awarded Falwell $200,000 for "intentional infliction of emotional distress." Flynt appealed. First Amendment, you know. His lawyers plead "rhetorical hyperbole," a pretty fancy description of Flynt's fare.

The *Washington Post* took the bait: "If public officials and others prominent in American life can crush criticism—even cruel satire—when their feelings are hurt, that will be the end of criticism. There is no way to encourage political speech while suppressing some part of it that offends some people." The *Post* added: "It is impossible fairly to set a subjective standard for denying constitutional protection of speech."

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After the Ball

After the bawling's over;
  After they break to pray;
After the final Pershing's
  Shipped to the U.S.A.
Many's the pol who'll ponder,
  Peering beyond The Wall;
Many's the Frenchman who'll hanker
  After de Gaulle.

W. H. von Dreele

"Subjective"? "Offends some people"? Flynt and Falwell aren't *arguing* about whether the "ad" was offensive. They *agree* on that. There's no problem of ambiguity or cross-purposes or differing standards of personal taste when a guy insults your mother. Flynt made sure Falwell got the point he was making. Only a liberal could miss it, and turn a thing like *Hustler* into a borderline case.

The question is whether you can tell that kind of lie with impunity as long as you make sure the lie is as obvious as it is obscene. The Constitution protects the press. It doesn't deny reciprocal protection to targets of libelous malice.

No Pro-Lifers Need Apply

"Yes, but you're not a *real* woman"—that is, in effect, what Katie Oberlies and her friends at Yale Students for Life were told when they tried to join the Yale Women's Center, which advertises itself as "a place for all women—of every race, ethnicity, age, ability, class, sexual orientation, religion—to gather together to explore the richness and diversity of women's lives . . ." Faced with the distasteful prospect of admitting pro-lifers, the Center hastily rewrote its guidelines to say that only women committed "to reproductive freedom" need apply. Yale officials, perhaps provisionally placing fair play above ideological correctness, told the feminists who run the (university-funded) center they couldn't arbitrarily bar the door to pro-life women. There's a catch, though: Yale is working with the Women's Center to come up with new regulations defining what exactly constitutes a women's group.

There's an obvious answer, of course, but feminists have for so long arrogated to themselves the right to define "women's groups" and "women's issues" that Yale officials may not notice it. You would think that feminists, who deny that biology is destiny, would leap to disown the degrading assumption that one's political views are necessarily determined by the configuration of one's chromosomes. As if some exotic hormone, dispensed by the ovaries, travels to the brain and stimulates the tongue to expatiate upon loony ideas like comparable worth. The truth, of course, is that women's political opinions, formed by separate experiences and informed by different values, are as richly diverse and potentially quarrelsome as those of the male of the species. Yale officials, under pressure from some quarters to draw up an acceptably feminist definition of what constitutes a real women's group, should stick to their guns. Imposing restrictions on what women are permitted to think is bizarre, oppressive, and, yes, patronizing.

Merry Christmas

Christianity is a comedy, in the older sense of the word—that is, the ending is a happy one, whatever else has come before, a crucifixion even. That is why Christmas is the happiest of all our holidays, and why it is right to sing and celebrate and put up an evergreen as a symbol of eternal life translated from the German forests, and why the greatest of all Christian poems, by Dante, is the *Commedia*.

Now, before the happy denouement, a great deal has to happen. The old gods and goddesses of grove and stream and hearth have to die. The greatest poets knew what a hinge of history that was in the first century, an "axial" age, in Karl Jaspers's terminology.

At the age of 21, John Milton, an intense classicist and Christian out of Christ's College, Cambridge, wrote a masterpiece about this axial age called "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Milton loved those departing divinities from Ovid, Vergil, and the rest. It was the classical twilight, but the "morning" too:

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In Urns and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound . . .
Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian Grove or Green . . .

In the twentieth century, Yeats re-imagined that tremendous moment:

I saw a staring virgin stand
Where holy Dionysus died . . .
The Roman Empire stood appalled:
It dropped the reins of peace and war
When that fierce virgin and her Star
Out of the fabulous darkness called.

T. S. Eliot's Magus, one of the Wise Men who went to Bethlehem (scholars think they were astrologers), knows that everything has changed:

We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation.

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Christmas celebrates a tremendous moment in the history of the West, and indeed of the world. Something really *happened*, and the old gods and goddesses retreated to the anthropology books.

From this historical perspective it is surely an exercise in triviality to try to ban symbols of Christmas from our schools and other public places. The first Christmas happened. It is not a "church" matter, but a historic one. Everything would have been different without it.

So, in this season of ultimate good cheer, it would be best to treat cultural minimalism for the sad, mean-spirited thing it actually is. The excluders seem really to be trying to pretend that Western civilization never happened.

Meanwhile, let the bells and the carols ring out, even as the angels sang, and remember those first gifts in Bethlehem with presents for the children, put up the evergreen, eat and drink too much out of joy, pity the narrow-minded and the sourpusses, and pity even the ACLU. As Milton recognized, Osiris himself knew the winning team when he saw it.

Merry Christmas. See you next year.

James Baldwin, RIP

As a prose writer, James Baldwin attempted to contain a contradiction that no doubt reflected the assorted contradictions within his psyche. Coming of age intellectually after World War II, he was profoundly affected by the great Henry James revival, James being the immense figure behind a generation that included R. P. Blackmur, Lionel Trilling, and a host of others.

Jamesian prose involved a Mandarin syntax capable of handling complex distinctions and gauzy nuances. Its soul, explicitly and implicitly, was Art—and the detachment from propaganda that this sort of Art requires. Baldwin's early and justly celebrated essays are in this vein.

But soon Richard Wright and his relatively crude novels of pain and protest would become an increasingly potent influence on Baldwin, and this entailed a different prose and a different range of emotion. The 1950s wanted James, and Baldwin gave it to them. The 1960s wanted Wright, and Baldwin gave it to them. But, now and then, there are fine moments when the two modes come together, even within a single sentence.

When you add to this stylistic contradiction Baldwin's homosexual rage and his growing black rage, you have an unstable compound indeed. His first novel, largely autobiographical, was *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953), probably the best thing he ever wrote. Thereafter, his fiction pursued a bumpy downhill course. His 1963 *The Fire Next Time* is by turns eloquent and preposterous, a genuine period-piece from that feverish time, nuttier in its way than Garry Wills's *Second Civil War*. What would have been laughable in a white writer—e.g., the assertion that Jesus was a "disreputable, sun-baked Hebrew," this of a rabbi descended from King David—was accepted straight-facedly because Baldwin was *black* and *angry*. His overheated brain and his personal demons prevented him from making the common-sense observation that the United States has done better with its race relations, in recent decades, than any other nation on the face of the earth.

James Baldwin died last week of cancer, at 63, in France.

—J. Hart

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

It is tempting not to generalize about the military mind, to assume what goes into making the mature mindset of the officer corps of our country is as various as it is in the rest of us. But one is struck once again in the case of Irangate, where all the principal players were accomplished, upper-echelon military, that this is simply not the case. Singlaub, Secord, McFarlane, North, Poindexter, the shakers and movers in this business, all seem like gentle men on the surface. But the fact of the matter is they are warriors born and bred, men with a mission, people whose life force is to "do noble deeds, don't dream them all day long," as Kipling once said.

When I was playing athletics in college I recall how much more fun it was to beat West Point than almost anybody else. And this was because we were all studying Milton's *Paradise Lost* while they were all memorizing the "Battle of the Marne." It is hard to estimate the damage to the mature psyche of the educational mold that presses inward to constrict the intelligent young mind, rather than bursting it outward to liberate and expand while healthily challenging life's fundamental values. But such is the case with military education. When Ollie North took that midshipman's oath he freed himself from the awful nuance and uncertainty of sensitive youth struggling and suffering over the meaning of life. And when he says he would charge up any hill his Commander-in-Chief ordered, he isn't kidding. And isn't it wonderful to have Tommy Atkins on your side at such times? For

It's Tommy this, and Tommy that,
And Tommy, wait outside,
But it's "Special train for Atkins"
When the trooper's on the tide.

We need and should thank God for the Ollies of this world. But they are not men for all seasons, they

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are not men to deal with the rug merchants of the Middle East. Because they are blinded by inculcation.

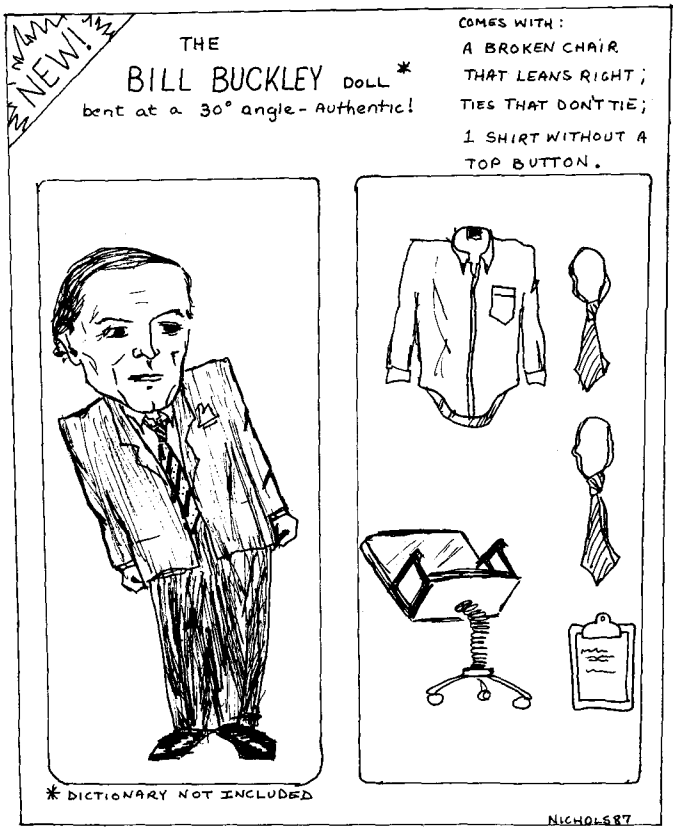
The tragedy of the Iran affair is that this military mind, unexpanded in its youth, longs for an emotional understanding and release in middle age that it is usually incapable of achieving. The self-identifying awareness of others that most develop early on, having to eviscerate themselves to think about a job, clothing, housing, medical needs, office and travel expenses, even groceries, is relatively foreign to the military cocoon. But it is these very human qualities that are developed early on that make one ultimately a good judge of character, an assessor of ambiguity, a tolerator of ambivalence, and therefore a true apologist for democracy. Unfortunately the history of democracy has largely been the history of procedure. Odious and distasteful and laborious as this is, it must never be run by the limited access of the military mind. That is the real tragedy of the Iran-Contra affair. That is what has James Madison tossing in his grave, whispering, See, I told you.

Best,
James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

First of all, consider this a show-and-tell letter. It's amusing to see letters in *NR* from people constantly harping on you to do something about your incessant leaning, untied ties, and unbuttoned shirts. Well, do I have something for them!

This is it: the Bill Buckley doll! For those who would just love to have one, and for those who bitch and complain every time they see you. This doll can be adjusted for those who want to change you, and just placed on the mantel for those who like you as you are.



One can get the doll for one's children, to start them out early on fighting ignorance and liberalism everywhere. Kids can set up a fake studio with "you" and maybe their Ken and Barbie dolls, so they can use you to brutalize Ken and Barbie and defeat left-wing politics before they even get to kindergarten. I think it would be a useful tool for those who need to be instructed as to the right way of life, and for those who would rather dress you themselves in the morning.

I would like you to print this drawing (permission hereby granted), with Christmas coming and all. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely
A. Paul Nichols Jr.
Clinton, Md.

Dear Mr. Nichols: Have fun. I won't. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

President Reagan's nomination of Anthony Kennedy to fill the vacant seat on the Supreme Court followed so closely on Mr. Ginsburg's withdrawal that I did not have time to present my arguments to the President for nominating House Speaker Jim Wright. Actually, there is only one argument. Wouldn't it be wonderful to behold the questioning of Mr. Wright along lines made abundantly clear by Cort Kirkwood in *NR*'s October 23 issue?

Ralph B. Wainright Jr.
Easton, Conn.

Dear Mr. Wainright: A terrific idea! We'll pass it on. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your *Playboy* interview of 1970 you advised college students in search of spiritual truths to read "any book by C. S. Lewis." I did. The final result is the publication by University Press of America of my book *C. S. Lewis and the Truth of Myth*. It should be out by January. I will send you a copy. Thanks for the advice. Now perhaps I can tackle Chesterton.

Sincerely,
Mark Freshwater
Albertville, Ala.

P.S. In case you thought I bought the magazine for the articles, I read the interview in *Inveighing We Will Go*.

Dear Mr. Freshwater: Congratulations, and thanks. Cordially, **—WFB**

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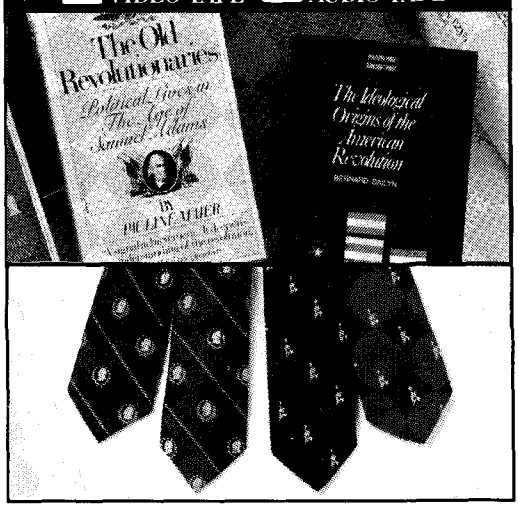
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FINLANDIZING EUROPE

"Ask a German under the age of 45 whether Reagan or Gorbachev is a greater threat to peace," observes a former top Reagan aide recently returned from Western Europe, "and the answer is invariably Reagan." This despite the fact that the U.S. forces based in West Germany are arrayed defensively, whereas Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces in East Germany are arrayed offensively. The uneasy truth is that the younger generations in Central Europe—with no distinct memory of American largesse after World War II—now cope with the psychological tension of the postwar era by trusting their neighbors to the East more than their allies to the West. "Just as Gorbachev represents the power shift of the postwar generation in the USSR," adds the Reagan insider, "so these younger Europeans represent changed attitudes toward the superpowers. They're soft on Gorbachev."

So Europe, if you believe it, is slipping toward East-West accommodation, despite the admonitions of Great Britain's Margaret Thatcher and West Germany's Helmut Kohl. Research carried out by the U.S. Information Agency tends to confirm this: reports on public attitudes in Europe toward the U.S. and the USSR show America losing in the polls. It is this central phenomenon that is likely to dominate the American debate over INF ratification.

As the focus of that debate narrows further, the lens will pinpoint conventional weaponry. The Western European governments need popular support within their own countries to redress their conventional-force imbalance with the Warsaw Pact countries. But a public that increasingly sees the U.S. as threatening, and the USSR as benevolent, will not approve shifts in spending from the welfare state to Fortress Europe. Nor can America, living under the Damoclean sword of Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, promise to make up the shortfall. All of which leaves the Western Europeans relying uncomfortably on the old doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction: if Warsaw Pact forces cross the line, the U.S. retaliates against the USSR directly with ICBMs, or with cruise missiles launched from sea and air.

"Europeans are uneasy," says a Republican senator, "not because the nuclear umbrella is unworkable, but because they fear we would keep it furled"—precisely the fear that led to the deployment of the cruise and Pershing II missiles in the first place. Hence the increasingly vocal demands for a linkage between the dismantling of short- and medium-range nuclear missiles and a reduction in Warsaw Pact conventional forces.

In the debate over ratification, the Senate will echo the worries of the Western Europeans. That debate will have prodigious implications for the 1988 presidential campaign, with possibly three of the candidates—Dole, Bush, and Gore—forced into active participation, voting for or against the treaty. Not since the ratification debate over the 1978 SALT II accord has a treaty been destined to command such a place in presidential politics.

How to arrest the Finlandization of Europe? It may be impossible. Rejecting the treaty would reassure older European leaders, who are taking their last steps on the public stage. But it would also persuade the European postwar generations that the U.S. is indeed an aggressive power, uninterested in peace with the Soviets. Ratifying the treaty, on the other hand, subtly legitimizes the growing belief that the Soviet Union poses no threat to Europe. After all, if Reagan can trust Gorbachev, why shouldn't Europe?

Paradoxically, the best hope for Western European defense planners, one may argue, is *perestroika*—Gorbachev's stated aim of social and economic restructuring. After a year of raising the Soviet public's expectations, Gorbachev may find himself forced to choose between high defense-spending levels and domestic demands for a rising standard of living. That's good for Free Europe.

Unfortunately, though, the timing is wrong. In June, Gorbachev has a crucial Party plenum where challenges to his reforms, even his rule, seem to be in the making. But by then, the imperatives of the American presidential campaign will probably have dictated action on ratification, which means that the Senate may be forced to act before it has a chance to see whether Gorbachev can succeed. So we are gambling. If we ratify, and Gorbachev's reforms are slowed by the plenum's intransigence, the imbalance between NATO and Warsaw Pact conventional forces will continue indefinitely.

Peace in our time, therefore, hinges on Soviet receptivity to *perestroika* and American willingness to retaliate against breaches of Western European borders. But SDI adds nuances of its own. The Soviets understand this, and understand how the new order in Europe makes SDI pivotal. If SDI works, then the American nuclear umbrella can be unfurled at little cost to the United States. American hesitancy over striking Soviet territory during hostilities in Europe decreases in direct proportion to the efficacy of SDI. Europe can continue to spend on social welfare, ignoring the conventional-force imbalance.

Europe's Finlandization will not be stopped, but its consequences can be contained. Reagan, by stubbornly clinging to his vision of a Strategic Defense, may keep Europe at peace despite doubts about his intentions. But if he wants gratitude, he will have to look in the dictionary. For the indefinite future, postwar Europe has turned its gaze to the East. □

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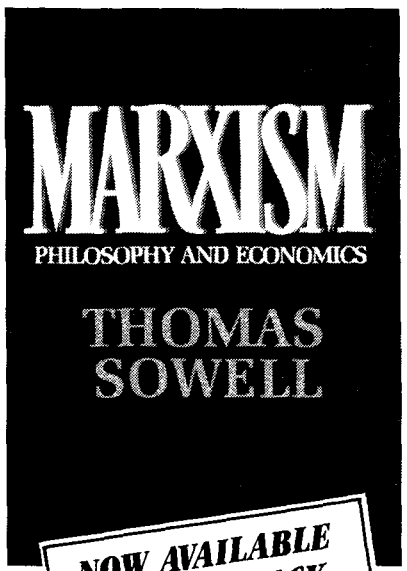

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FALTERING AMERICA, OR RUSSIA?

IN AN IMPORTANT recent Op-Ed-page article in the *Wall Street Journal*, Sir James Goldsmith, the Anglo-French financier, castigated the United States for what he termed its political and economic nervous breakdown. Appropriately, perhaps, the article appeared on a Friday the 13th (of November), and I hope Ronald Reagan, George Shultz, and Frank Carlucci found time to read it.

Alternatively, they could cast an eye upon this column, where I shall summarize Sir James's arguments, and offer some comments of my own.

His arguments, first:

—From 1981 to 1985, inspired by America, nations that had almost forgotten political freedom, such as Argentina, Turkey, and Guatemala, rediscovered democracy.

—The world then watched America's democracy tearing itself apart over such matters as Iran-Contra and the Bork nomination.

—The proposed INF agreement, if followed by a 50 per cent cut in strategic weapons, will deprive the U.S. of its capacity to intervene in Europe. The Soviet Union will have achieved a major objective: the decoupling of Europe and America.

—The Soviets will then go for the reunification and neutralization of Germany; and, in a third stage, work to convince the West Europeans that their natural market is the Soviet bloc (with exports financed by West European banks). Thus, Western Europe will be Finlandized.

—Having lost the will to win, America is already choosing the soft option, debasing its currency and instituting protectionist policies. Thus, America is transferring economic supremacy to Japan and military predominance to the Soviet Union.

—The way out, on the economic side, is for the U.S. 1) to cut spending and raise revenues; 2) to insist on compensating reflation outside the U.S., especially by West Germany and Japan, and on vastly increased Japanese loans to the Third World; and 3) to persuade the "tigers" of the Pacific—Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, and South Korea—to let their currencies float with the market.

I quote Sir James's concluding paragraphs:

". . . unfortunately all this is unlikely, because the Republican Administration has lost its nerve and seeks popularity instead of respect. And the Democratic Congress is enjoying the collapse of its political opponents and hopes to benefit by peddling sweet-tasting poison packaged to resemble medicine.

"You Americans, and others throughout the world, deserve better."

FOR MY PART, I cannot find anything to disagree with in the Goldsmith view of the "free world" during the present phase of collapsing American will and leadership. And yet, I don't go along with his pervading pessimism. Actually, I am more optimistic today than at any other time in more than a half-century of interest in world affairs.

It will not have escaped notice that there is one major dimension left uncovered in the powerful article I have summarized. Sir James has correctly sketched Soviet strategy, but he has not hazarded a view as to whether the Soviet Union, in its present phase, is itself going to have the will and the ability to carry out that strategy; that is, to exploit the opportunity created by American vacillation.

Perhaps "less pessimistic" is a more accurate way of describing my state of mind. In the dark days of Jimmy Carter's Presidency, I used to take issue with the likes of Professor Marshall Shulman, who advised President Carter on Soviet affairs. Shulman's analysis of Soviet weaknesses was impeccable. It was his conclusion I objected to, which amounted to this: "We don't need to do anything but sit back and watch the Soviet system collapse."

The distinguished professor was far from alone in holding such views. A no less distinguished non-activist, Sir William Hayter, a former British Ambassador to Moscow, in a lecture in 1961 (the year of the Berlin Wall) said it with the elegance of Winchester, Oxford, and the Foreign Office. "We must face the fact that we are now confronted with a period of cold war of indefinite duration, a war which we cannot and *should not* try to win but need not lose. . . ." (My emphasis.)

A far more surprising exponent of the same view was Herbert Meyer, who, in 1984, was a senior aide to the late Director of Central Intelligence, William Casey. In an "informal" paper entitled "What Should We Do about the Russians?" and leaked (the way things happen in Washington) to myself, he put forward the view that the Soviet empire was in the terminal phase of decay and insisted that the West should do nothing to "bring down" the Soviet regime.

Mikhail Gorbachev's difficulties in his attempt to make the unworkable work reinforce the Shulman-Hayter-Meyer diagnosis. Gorbachev's problem is insoluble. He cannot eradicate inefficiency and corruption from a system in which they are inherent, while also preserving the system.

So what my very moderate optimism amounts to is this: I believe the Soviet system will collapse before it has been able to subjugate the rest of the world. But I still utterly reject the view that we should stand idly by, watching from the sidelines. After all, although the Reagan Presidency can claim to have halted the relentless expansion of the evil empire, it has only one victory to show, and that in a tiny place named Grenada. □

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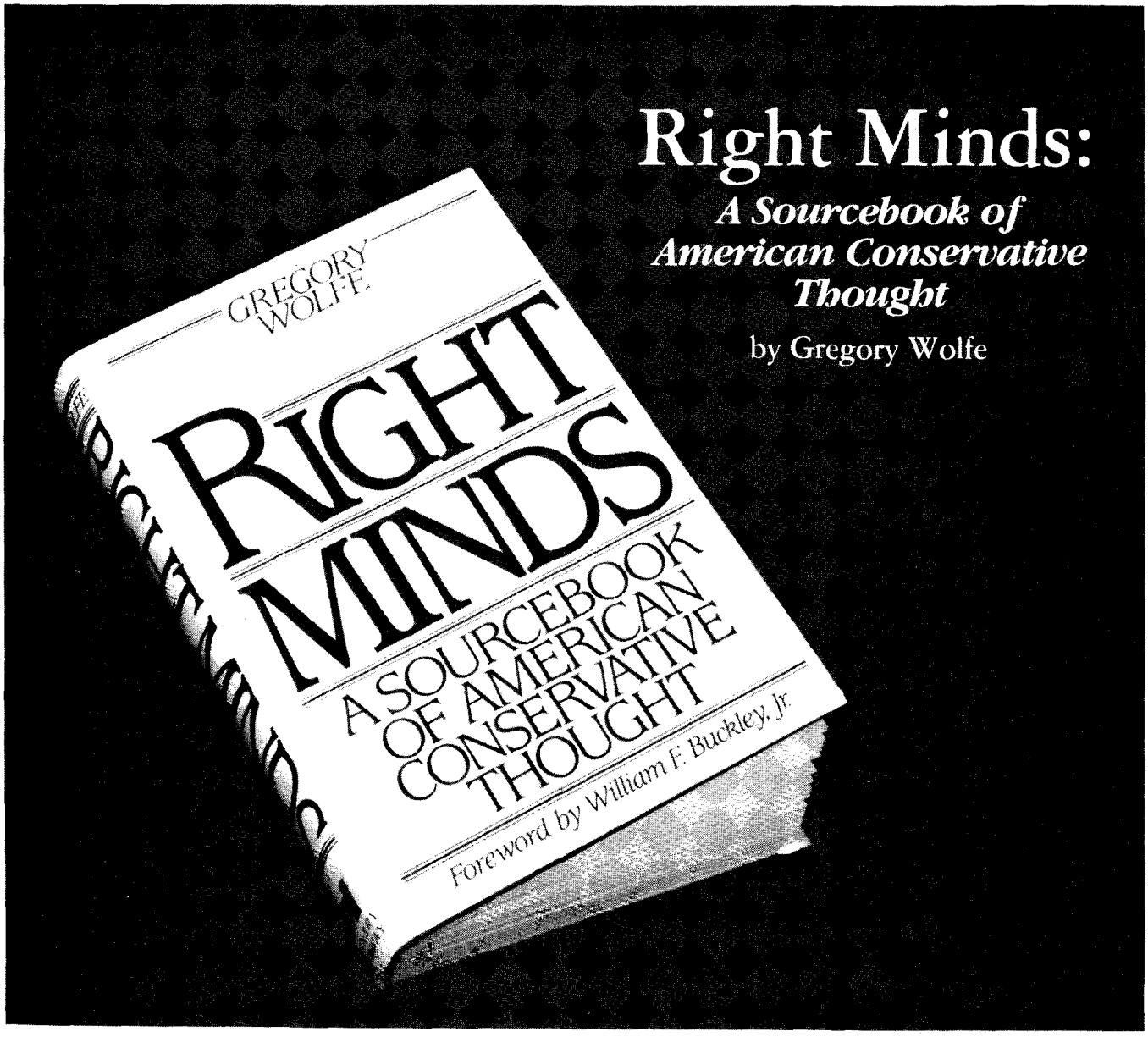

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CALL ME PETE

"PIERRE" IS just the French for "Peter," but to American ears, it has a worldly, exotic ring, so Pierre du Pont IV, candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, prefers plain "Pete." As du Pont family names go, Pierre isn't so bad. He might have been christened Eleuthère Irénée. E. I. du Pont de Nemours came to this country in 1800, started a gunpowder factory in Wilmington, Delaware, and made his first packet in the War of 1812. His descendants have got by ever since. Pete was born in 1935; went to Phillips Exeter and Princeton; did three years at a naval air station in Maine; graduated from Harvard Law; worked in the family business. Then began his public career: a year in the Delaware legislature; six in the House of Representatives. In 1976, he ran for governor of Delaware, and beat the incumbent with 57 per cent of the vote. Four years later, he ran again, and took 71 per cent. Not a bad résumé—though that, he will tell you, is not why he is running for President.

"Every other Republican candidate is running for a different reason than I am." Du Pont was beginning his 65th day in Iowa—he has spent a comparable portion of his life in New Hampshire—in a student lounge at Drake University in Des Moines. He has a lined, square-cut face; beginning-to-grey hair; horn-rimmed glasses; rigid body language. He wore a generic WASP suit and tie, and took off the jacket before speaking. He looks a bit like Charles Schwab, the discount broker.

"If you ask George Bush why he should be elected, he'll tell you it's because of his résumé. Well, I have a résumé." He ticked it off. "If you ask Bob Dole, he'll say, It's not the résumé, it's the record. Well, I have that too." Du Pont's record as governor of Delaware is in fact impressive. When he took office, the state had a crushing income-tax rate (19.8 per cent), a huge debt (servicing it gobbled 17 per cent of revenues), and a bond rating "so bad," du Pont will say, "Standard & Poor's had to invent a new category." He got off to a rocky start. The legislature overrode his veto of a budget, an unprecedented act. His mother called to ask, "Are you sure you know what you're doing?" He quickly found his feet. Delaware cut taxes and spending, and wrote tax- and spending-limitation amendments into the constitution. The state went into the black; business boomed. "I didn't like him at all" at first, one Democratic pol told the *Washington Post*. "But when he left office, a lot of people like me had tears in our eyes."

"Jack Kemp has a different view. He says what's important are the ideas you've had. Well, Jack's had some good ideas . . . in the past." This dig, which usually raises a laugh, left the students dumb. The press was his last whipping boy: If you believed what you read in the papers, the most important issue in America was the Beltway buzz of November, how to get $23 billion out of the deficit. Du Pont was having none of it. What was the election really about? "How to help families get ahead better in the Nineties than in the Eighties. We"—by which he meant, *we alone*—"have put forth proposals" to this end.

He ran through three of them. The first was a voucher system for education. His argument for it was pure free-market. American education lagged because it was run by a monopoly. Under a voucher system, schools would have to compete for parents' business, resulting in a "race for excellence, instead of satisfaction with mediocrity." His second proposal concerned the welfare system, which he proposed to replace with work. All able-bodied people who failed to find jobs would get government jobs at 90 per cent of the minimum wage. (He acknowledges that most such jobs would be make-work, but defends them on psychological grounds. "Paying somebody for something is always better than paying them for nothing.")

Du Pont's third proposal was one of the twin Big Berthas of his campaign. Not since Barry Goldwater attacked it in 1964—in Florida, no less—has any politician, Democrat or Republican, liberal or conservative, barnburner or mugwump, dared speak of Social Security in any but the most pious terms. Until du Pont. He asked the Drake students for a show of hands. How many thought Social Security benefits would be there for them when they retired? One hand went up. How many expected zip? A flurry. "You ought to be worried, because there's a wonderful bunch of people ahead of you called baby-boomers, and when they retire, the Social Security system won't stand the load." To older audiences, du Pont appeals to concern for the future well-being of children and grandchildren, rather than to personal worry. But the basic analysis remains the same. Since the baby-boom generation will be significantly larger than the generation that follows it, taxes must rise, or benefits must fall.

Saving SocSec

DU PONT proposes to steer around the demographic roadblock by establishing a parallel system of voluntary Financial Security accounts —"super-IRAs." Anyone choosing that system would pay Social Security taxes, as normal. He would pay a like sum into the new account, receiving an equal credit against his income tax. When he retired, he would draw on the super-IRA, instead of Social Security. He would have paid out no more; his nest-egg, after years of market interest, might be greater; and the Social Security trust fund would be spared the strain of supporting him. (What happens to the missing tax rev-

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enue? Well, it's still missing. In du Pont's view, a small price to pay.)

"Those," he wound up, "are not proposals about résumés, or records, or yesterday's ideas, or today's crises. They look to tomorrow." If Drake students didn't want to look, he told them to relax. "The Vice President, or the senator, or the congressman, or the general, or the preacher would be a fine candidate." Otherwise, fill out a volunteer card and work for him.

Questions: Would he explain his support for mandatory drug testing? The question was hostile, but du Pont gave an unhesitating "yes." Drugs are one of his standard issues, and he recited a practiced list of statistics. Two-thirds of a recent batch of applicants to the District of Columbia's police force failed a cocaine test. Forty per cent of doctors use drugs; one in six truck drivers. Du Pont wants to catch the druggies early with random tests in high schools. Any kid who flunked couldn't get a driver's license. Is this constitutional? Du Pont compared it to vaccinations and airport customs searches, which also invade privacy. Abortion? "In Delaware, we're proud of being the first state to ratify the Constitution. We thought we knew what we were doing." *Roe* v. *Wade* should be overturned, and the issue should return to the states. "If I were a state legislator, I would not vote for a total ban."

Ankeny is a small town a dozen miles north of Des Moines, once rural, now virtually a suburb. Du Pont went there from Drake to fire the second of his Big Berthas: the du Pont farm program. "When the going is good for him," Mencken wrote of the farmer, "he robs the rest of us up to the extreme limit of our endurance; when the going is bad he comes bawling for help out of the public till." Du Pont's rhetoric isn't so sulphurous, but he takes the toughest stand on farm issues since John Anderson came out for the grain embargo.

Press and flacks preceded him to a farm on Northeast 118th Avenue—a paved stripe between brown stubbly fields. The couple that owned it looked about 25. He wore a gimme cap and a blond mustache; she, a good Republican cloth coat. The wind blew straight from Manitoba. When du Pont arrived, he had changed into farm gear: corduroy pants and a down vest with checked sleeves attached.

Du Pont would immediately end all programs that affect prices or production—which is to say, nearly all programs. In their place, he would offer flat payments, based on historical performance. In five years, these would be phased out.

Du Pont and his hosts walked to a sheep pen. The trees were naked, the puddles showed blue sky. They conversed. ". . . hardest work in the world . . ." The sheep munched at a hay crib, made dumb abortive stampedes. There was a hay barn, and du Pont looked at that too. ". . . the government giveth, the government taketh away . . ." The wind wailed. When they had had enough, they, and the freezing mob that had followed them, retired to a garage.

Among the Hay Bales

HE HAD HAD his photo opportunity; now came the work. It wasn't easy. Du Pont took a seat in a semicircle of hay bales, occupied by eight or nine farmers. They seemed broadly sympathetic to his brand of Republicanism, but most looked at his farm plan as if it were a bad used car.

"Wouldn't you be better off competing in the marketplace?" du Pont asked the young farmer.

"There idn' enough market in the United States; we know that."

"If you plant less, the price goes up."

Skepticism. "Naw, we got too much surplus."

"Well, take *away* the surplus." (This isn't the evasion it sounds like: du Pont does have a suggestion for disposing of grain stockpiles: sell them off over five years and earmark the profits for state rural development.)

The young man considered it warily. "OK."

Du Pont popped the QED. "So everybody wins."

Pause. "Well, yes and no."

Du Pont turned to the other seated farmers, but ran into an older man, his host's uncle. "I don't know how doin' away with farm programs is gonna decrease production."

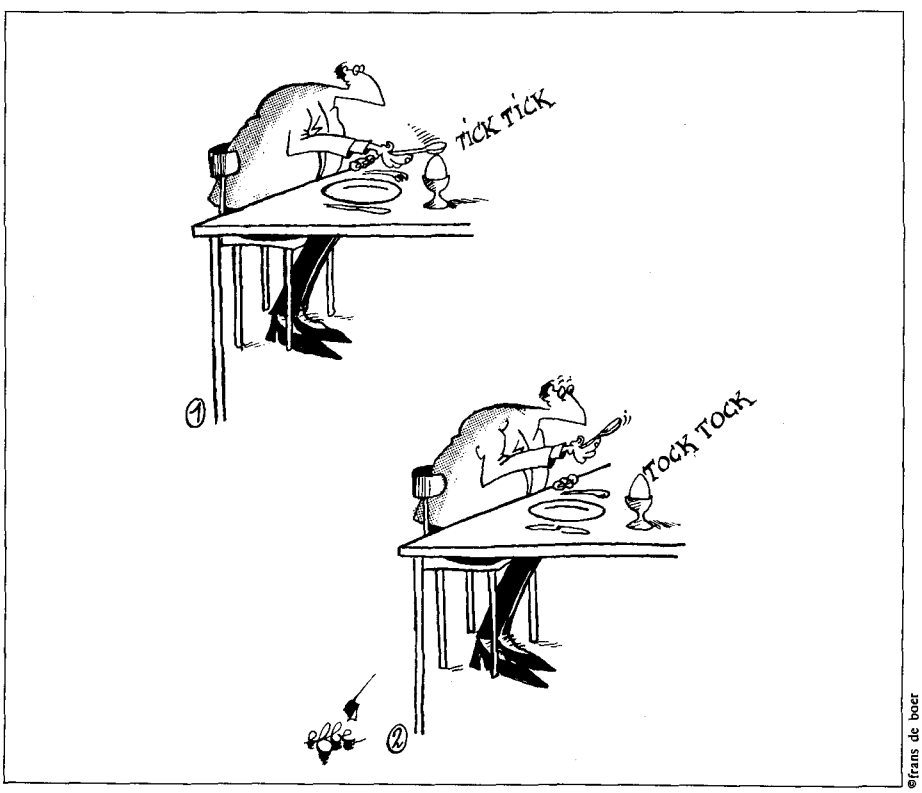
"Wouldn't you plant less?"

"I doubt it."

Du Pont hung in, good-humored. "Why would people grow more?"

The old man fretted with a stalk. "I'm like you, I think the less government we have the better, but I don't see how if we cut subsidies you cut production."

They switched to SDI, which du Pont backs, and the INF treaty, which he opposes, and there was general agreement. Then a high-school teacher in a blue raincoat went back to farming. "Wouldn't small family farms be the first to go?"



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"Supermarkets," said du Pont, "did not drive out mom-and-pop stores. They just changed what they sold."

The teacher explained himself: he thought the government should get out of farming, but he thought corporate farms would prevail. Allies like this du Pont doesn't need.

They talked about vouchers, which the old man also wasn't buying ("Who's gonna support all these schools?"). Just as du Pont was about to leave, a young farmer, not his host, weighed in on his side. Yes, some corn farmers would go out of business, but they would be marginal ones in Nebraska. Du Pont pointed to him and to his older nemesis and smiled. "I think you two better talk about it." The young wife took a final picture, du Pont and her husband in front of the house in the late light.

On to Boone. Boone is the home of the Mamie Doud Eisenhower Birthplace and of Iowa's Largest Winery. Du Pont came to do a coffee hour at the Colonial House Restaurant, the House of Home Cooked Food. For the event, he had changed back into his suit, whose jacket he once again removed. "What a terrific crowd!" he told the crowd of thirty, then ran through his speechlets on education, drugs, and welfare.

A questioner asked, Did he have any new proposals for foreign policy? A good question, for du Pont, every bit as much as Jack Kemp, is seen as a domestic-issues man. "That is much tougher," du Pont admitted, "because you're dealing with something you can't control."

During his three terms in Congress, du Pont had a reputation as a moderate Republican. Much of that stemmed from foreign policy, where he stood to the left of Nixon and Ford. He complained about the mining of Haiphong, and he supported the War Powers Act (he still does, though he says it should be invoked only for wars, not operations like the Persian Gulf). He also supported the Clark amendment forbidding aid to UNITA in 1975, which he now very much regrets. "I don't intend to make that mistake again," he said in Los Angeles this summer, "with today's freedom-fighters." In Boone, he plugged the Contras and approved of pressure on the Philippines, South Korea, and South Africa: Krauthammerism. (The Reagan Doctrine, as defined by *New Republic* editor Charles Krauthammer, expresses, at best, an evenhanded concern for democracy everywhere; at worst, it's a payoff: *Okay, back the* mujahedin *and we'll give you Marcos.*)

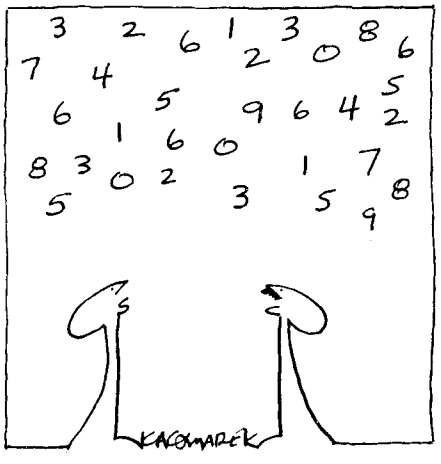
A defense question: "The only thing I can see Star Wars doing is make some defense contractors rich." Du Pont recalled some Fellow of the Royal Society who, seven years before Kitty Hawk, asserted that flight was impossible. "Well, the Wright Brothers didn't have time to read his report."

From Boone, he went to Urbandale, a Des Moines suburb, for another coffee, and then to bed.

Audience of One

Du Pont's straightforwardness on farm subsidies and Social Security, as well as his crisp presentation of other issues, draws young conservatives. One of the du Pont workers I spent the day with signed on after reading a squib about some piece of contrariness in "For the Record."

It draws older conservatives as well. Post-gaming the Republican debate in Houston, Paul Weyrich guessed that du Pont had been playing to an audience of one—Nackey Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader*. In March, Mrs. Loeb urged her readers "to take a good look" at him "and listen to what he's saying." By late summer, she had joined Norman Podhoretz in the basket of the Jeane Kirkpatrick trial balloon. When that crashed to earth she took a second good look at du Pont. The field as a whole, she told me in November, struck her as a "bunch of clucks." But he seemed to "make the most sense." She endorsed him early this month.



"Looks like numerical pollution."

But seriously. How does a man with just two big issues, no particular personality, and no previous national reputation hope to lock up conservative support?

He is on the right side of his issues. This is certainly better than being on the wrong side. Indeed, with few exceptions, he takes the right position on all the issues. What du Pont has not been able to convey so far is the connection between his positions—a sense of the vantage from which he takes them.

On his 66th day in Iowa, du Pont and Jack Kemp appeared before a Presidential Forum of the American Association of Retired Persons in Des Moines. The confrontation was of interest, because if du Pont is to flourish, Kemp must die, and die soon. It was also a chance to fire a Big Bertha at its target audience.

The debate was like half-ignorant armies clashing by half-light. The du Pont plan's soft spot is the loss of revenue caused by the income-tax checkoff, and Kemp jabbed at it relentlessly. Kemp's weakness—not to that audience, to be sure, but to any unprejudiced observer—was the outrageous demagogy of his performance: Social Security is "pay as you go," it is a "sacred trust," *ad nauseam.*

Still, there was a reason for Kemp's behavior, consistent with his arguments over ten years. He believes Social Security can continue in its present form because, with stable growth and low inflation, there will be no fiscal squeeze of the kind du Pont foresees. He believes the economy will grow because there are certain simple steps one can take to ensure its growth, and because Americans can do anything if you let them alone.

This is not the ideal conservative world view. When Kemp ends his perorations by comparing his future Administration to the good shepherd—a phrase, half Hallmark, half blasphemy, he lifted from Jude Wanniski—it floats into flapdoodle.

But it is a world view. A world view shapes your positions on *a*, *b*, and *c*, which you have already expressed; it also gives voters a clue to your position on *x*, which you haven't even thought of.

Du Pont has a great *a* and *b*. He has two months, and maybe twenty Iowa days, to come up with some clues to *x*. □

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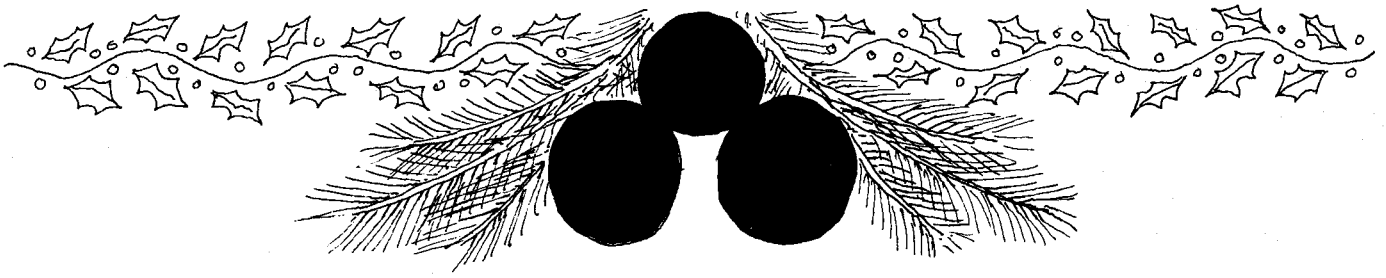

The True Sprit of CHRISMAS

Wherein the children of Aloïse B. Heath find the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child to be a GREAT step forward

MANY PERSONS our ages of 12, 10, 8, 6 think the Sprit of Chrismas is about toys and presents instead of about the real sprit. These persons are inmature and childless. As will be seen.

Today at Assembly, everybody got a copy and got read to, the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which turned out it was the Chrismas present from the United Nations to all the children in the world, also which Pam, 12, and John, 10, have to write down about constructively and Priscilla, 8, and Buckley, 6, be prepared to explane in there own words by Monday. This is our free-thinking thoughts, for nothing is black and white but grey.

The first part, before the Principles start, is very oratory and good except for puctuation (commas not periods after paragraphs) and reptitous (absolutely 5 paragraphs in a row begin with "Whereas"). Persons that are always tearing down, tearing down would probbly mock this instead of saying the United Nations did pretty good, spelling the long words this composition is absolutely full of.

PRINCIPLE 1: *All children shall be entitled to these rights, without distinction or discrimination on account of race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property, birth, or other status whether of himself or of his family.* Those who *think* will easly see that who their talking about is none other but the U.S. of America (world smelting pot), for in other countries from us (Europe, England, Russia, Wildest Africa, etc. etc. etc.) there isn't enough different population from the main to do discrimination at. (Except by inmost feelings, hard to wipe out, unforch.)

Why do they drag in sex, one asks ourself? Because the United Nations regard sex purely, like dictionaries, where sex is if you are a boy or a girl (you can look it up)—not the reason children are not allowed to see practicly every movie in the whole world. It is a well-none fact that most parents comitt discrimination on children by sex (by wether they are male sex or female sex, other words.) Ex:—: Sataday mornings, boys (M. sex) have to clean out cars in a icecold subzero gerage, wile girls (F. sex) only have to vacume warm & cozy carpets. And yet again about color (sometimes meening race, but they already said race in this PRINCIPLE so they now meen color.); Why? Because, Ex:—: Some persons, who dirt shows on more than other persons because of there snow white color are all the time getting it in the neck (like parents saying: "Good God, your angkles"!! venial sin) when that happens to be the exact night one washed *with soap*! All this shall end.

One thing the United Nations forgot:—: discrimination by age, like:—Ex:—In 2 years, could Pam, now age 12 drive a car in S. Carolina? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Could Jim, our brother of 14 marry Linda who he loves in India? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Showing that the UN forgot the main thing the child get's discriminated for. BUT: after all: nobidies perfect:

PRINCIPLE 2 (really getting going): *The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially in a healthy and normal manner*

*Composed by Pamela, John, Priscilla, and, sometimes, Buckley Heath

Typed by There Mother

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and in conditions of freedom and dignity. Their going to start some laws, and unless quite a few parents wise up, we happen to know quite a few parents (including by marrage) that will end up incarserated. Because when the UN finds out, surely soon, that every single child in the world spends absolutely the best years of his life from infantry to adultery sitting on a hard seat, bending his head over books that is rooning his eyes and with the most absolutely boaring stuff poaring, poaring, poaring into his ears. At the same time when they breathe *in* constantly sniffing germs of namonia, chicken pocks, nefritus so they practicly only dare breathe *out* (practicly impossible):—all of which contrary to health and freedom:—then the UN will edict that this situation must CEACE!

PRINCIPLE 3: *The child shall be entitled from his birth to a name and a nationality.* This is also in the Sprit of Chrismas because it portects children from being called Blooper and Kiki even when big, which can become absolutely humalating. Ex:—When John was born our brother Jim was 4 (dificult age) and Jim liked our Uncle Reid so he absolutely made every one call John "Uncle Reid" after him (Uncle Reid). Funny then, but how would John feel nowadays if Mrs. McLeod said in class: "Uncle Reid, suppose you take the next passage?" Like a fool. Principle 3 also portects people from the fate of Philip Nolan, who had to live on boats and not have a nationality for having got mad at the Government once, tho not till grown-up. But children's fate, through the passage of years is to become grown-up or else dead. So look before you leap, which the UN does.

PRINCIPLE 4: *The child shall enjoy the benefits of social security. He shall be entitled to grow up and develop in health; to this end special care and protection shall be provided both to him and to his mother, including adequate prenatal and postnatal care.* This sounds like mostly for Mothers, but *think, think*, just exactly where would children be without prenatal Mothers? NOWHERE. And prenatal Fathers are not so absolutely necessary. The First Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modern hospital if people had only had the UN then. The Massacre of the Holy Innocents would be absolutely an object of forbiddance and mortal sin, under penalty of the law.

PRINCIPLE 5: *The child who is physically, mentally, or socially handicapped shall be given the special treatment, education, and care required by his particular condition.* In the intersts of the questioning mind, one has to admit that this principle is hard: because:—"physically handicapped" means crippled and those children, they say, have to go to special schools for crippled children:—"mentally handicapped" means retarded, and those children have to go to special schools for retarded children:—"socially handicapped" means Negro in the South, but, as is well-known, those children have to come *out* of special schools for Negro children in the South. Does that make sense for physicals and mentals to go *in* yet for socials to come *out*? Not that who are we to critisise, never less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic.

PRINCIPLE 6: *The child for the full and harmonious development of his full personality, needs love and understanding. He shall, wherever possible, grow up in the care and under the responsibility of his parents, and in any case in an atmosphere of affection and of moral and material security. Payment of state and other assistance toward the maintenance of children of large families is desirable.* This one may seem to say a lot of things one already knew, like "love and understanding," etc. etc. etc., but the important thing after all, is that it is still on the side of children, other words: Sprit of Chrismas. One may well ask ourself, although, about assisting (paying) people of large families (personally in our favor), which if they do, they have to make there mind up about populations exploding. For, besides the joys of parenthood, if you get paid too, where will it all end?

PRINCIPLE 7: *The child shall be given an education which will promote his general culture and enable him on a basis of equal opportunity to develop his abilities. The child shall have full opportunity for play and recreation, which shall be directed to the same purposes as education.* It is hard to see how the UN missed the things wrong in this, unless there wrist was getting tired from writting. *Wrong thing No. A*:—There absolutely just isn't anything equal in people's opportunity to learn culture that would be general. Like in West Hartford, U.S.A., culture is French, Mythology, Music, Hiawatha, and things like that but in Wildest Africa culture is Hunting lions, Shrinking heads, Building huts of clay and wattles made, and things like that, none of which there is any of in West Hartford. (Even if their was some way this could be arranged, it would not be very fair to Wildest Africa children.) *Wrong thing No. B*:—(the part about

Barbara Ernst-Prey

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play and recreation). Unforch, as even the dumbest know, play and recreation that is directed always turns out into one thing:—RELAY RACES.

PRINCIPLE 8: *The child shall in all circumstances be among the first to receive protection and relief.* Vere dignum et justum est (altar boy's joke by John). Others, except priests, look it up.

PRINCIPLE 9: *The child shall be protected against all forms of neglect, cruelty, and exploitation. He shall not be the subject of traffic in any form.* (It is a known fact that sometimes children run right strate across *without* looking *both* ways: *Think*: nothing is black and white: all is grey.) Next part: *The child shall not be admitted to employment before an appropriate minimum age.* This is one of the most absolutely Sprit of Chrismaslike things the UN ever said in its life. For NOTE:—Employment means working for *money*. How far far worse indeed, therefore, is the involatory slavitude children have to do Satadays, not only for *no* money, but not getting their riteful allowance if they don't. This also shall be changed by law.

PRINCIPLE 10: *The child shall be brought up in a spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among peoples, peace, and universal brotherhood, in full consciousness that his energy and talents should be devoted to the service of his fellow men.* These sweet and nobble words show how the Uniteds have even *improved* the Sprit of Chrismas. For in olden days, you were supposed to love your fellow men (even the ones you couldn't stand) yet use your energy and talents for you and yours, which you had to, the world being such a mess. In our day, you only have to have a sprit of tolerace, friendship, etc. etc. etc., and even that you only have among peopleS, much more practical than among peoplE, if you get our meaning (see letters we put in capitals). Also, the new laws of the Governments of the UN will take care of things like nutrition, housing, and other postnatal care of you and yours, so there will be nothing left to do *except* be devoted to the service of your fellow men.

Thus we see, the UN Declaration of Rights of the Child is in the true Sprit of Chrismas, and also cinchy. □

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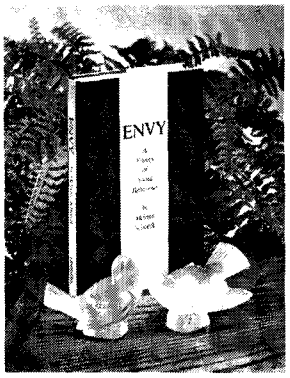
ENVY

By Helmut Schoeck



"Envy is a drive which lies at the core of man's life as a social being . . ." So writes Helmut Schoeck in *Envy*, first published in German in 1966 and in an English translation in 1970. One of the few books to extensively explore such an important topic, this classic study is now available again.

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Since 1965, Dr. Helmut Schoeck has been professor and the director of the Institute of Sociology at the University of Mainz.

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LOST SOULS

A MEDITATION

by Russell Kirk

IN OUR VILLAGE of Mecosta, this summer, the church was converted into an antique shop. During my lifetime Mecosta has had but one church, a Methodist meeting-house; now the village has none. (In my great-grandfather's day there stood also the Spiritualist Church, across the road from our family's house, and attended by my ancestors; but that building was mysteriously burnt down before my birth.) It seems fitting enough that the Methodist church should be crammed with antiques, for most folk nowadays regard Christian dogmas as of antiquarian interest merely.

Over the decades, as I watched, Mecosta's Methodist congregation shrank in numbers and grew aged, until at length there were no young communicants at all. John Wesley's enthusiasm of two centuries gone expired from inanition at Mecosta. Such is the drift of belief in the world generally, nowadays. Why?

The purpose of religion is to commune with the divine. The purpose of the church is the ordering of souls. If people cease to believe in the reality of souls, and the clergy themselves commonly are embarrassed by the notion of a spiritual animating power, the church loses its function. (In such circumstances, churchmen frequently grope about for some different function, and find it in the ordering of the state. Being unprepared in any way for this latter function, they bungle it badly.)

Mr. Kirk, NR's education columnist for a quarter of a century, is the author of, among many other books, The Conservative Mind, Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered, Enemies of the Permanent Things, Lord of the Hollow Dark, The Roots of American Order, *and* Eliot and His Age.

Belief in the soul's existence has been declining among Americans all this century. William James's empirical psychology has had much to do with the disfavor into which the doctrine of the soul has fallen. It was James's argument (promulgated by Dewey and the educationist crew now called "secular humanists") that nobody needs a soul. Even if souls may exist, nobody can prove it; so why bother about that which cannot be verified by scientific data? We will retain a sense of personal identity, James held, even if we dismiss the soul. And surely, he reasoned, we can be morally responsible persons without worrying about the state of our souls.

Those pragmatic doctrines were disseminated widely during the early decades of this century. Painful experience begins now to teach us the insufficiency of this anti-soul preachment.

What is the soul? The old ten-volume *Century Dictionary* (printing of 1904) contains an article of two columns, in very small print, on the word's definition. We must content ourselves just now with the first sentence of that complex definition: "A substantial entity believed to be that in each person which lives, feels, thinks, and wills." Or as I might put it more simply, the soul is the essence of a human being, and from the soul arises consciousness; the soul animates the body, of which the brain is a part.

The ascendancy of pragmatism and positivism gradually diminished popular belief in, or even awareness of, the soul, so defined. From the age of Plato until late in the eighteenth century, the soul's nature and destiny were subjects of consuming interest to all educated people. But with the coming of the Encyclopedists, the soul soon was flung into limbo. In the famous 11th edition of the *Ency-*

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clopaedia Britannica (1911) there is no article on "soul" or on "spirit." (An entry on "spirits" will be encountered, true—distilled ones.) Let it be said in praise of the current 15th edition of the *Britannica* (1974), nevertheless, that its Micropaedia includes a succinct impartial article on the soul, which even remarks Gabriel Marcel's case for a non-material essence of being that survives the body's death. As material things fall apart in our time, and the center cannot hold, perhaps the Encyclopedists begin to agree with Immanuel Kant that belief in the soul is the necessary footing for morals and ethics.

But it would take much wheedling and hammering to restore recognition of the soul among today's theologians and liturgists. Until recent years, the Catholic canon of the Mass contained the ancient line, "Say but the word, and my soul shall be healed." The several Catholic catechisms used to refer to the soul on page after page; such archaisms have been purged from the latter-day Catholic catechisms, and from the catechetical publications of most other churches—though not from the catechisms of the Eastern Orthodox. It would be reactionary for a church to concern itself with what can't be weighed and measured. Get on with the flagellation of South Africa!

Thus by degrees the churches have abandoned their primary purpose of ordering the soul. Truly the hungry sheep look up and are not fed—and drift away elsewhere, perhaps to the grim tower of Giant Ideology.

THE WISE MAN, the intellectual, in Yeats's play *The Hour-Glass* is saved when in the last moment of his mortal life he discovers one person who still believes in God and in the soul: Teigue the Fool. I have enjoyed from my earliest years the advantage of being a Fool. Born hard by the great railroad yards outside Detroit, I was exempted, in the days of my youth, from the latest intellectual fads and foibles, reading good old books instead, and talking with good old people. From the moment I could form coherent sentiments, I was aware that I was a soul. During my teenage years I had my doubts about God, but I never questioned the existence of my own soul: I was not *that* much of a Fool.

In Anno Domini 1987 I can look back with some amusement upon myself six decades ago. Permit me to employ the third person in my account of the little Fool who recognized his soul while the steam locomotives thundered past his house on the main line of the Pere Marquette.

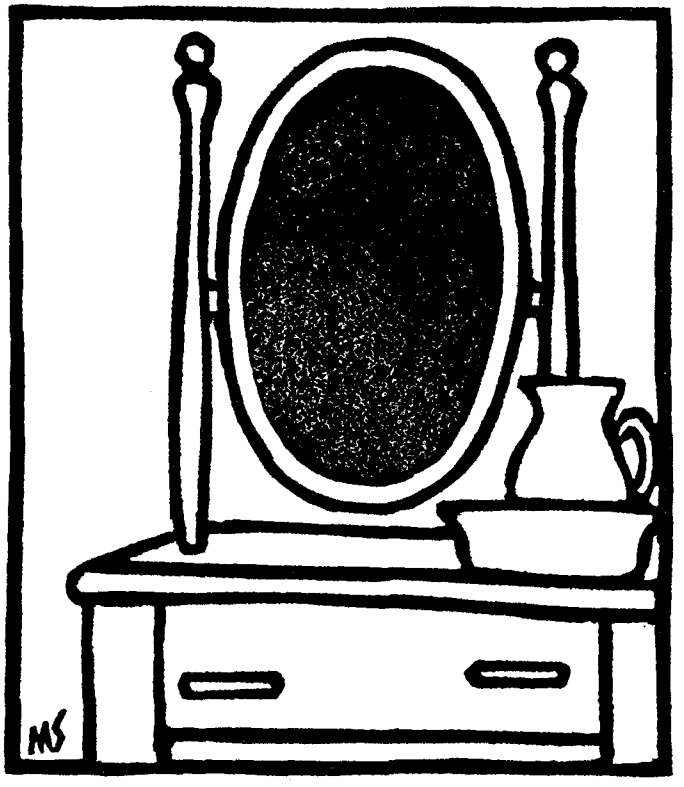
The boy Russell's cast of mind was more mystical than metaphysical. Now and again he would stand between two tall mirrors, glimpsing the terror of infinity—diminished image reflecting dwindled image, until the optic nerve could not suffice to detect what presumably continued *ad infinitum*. "We see through a glass, darkly"—or, as a recent translation has it, "Now we are looking into the riddle of a mirror." What was infinity? What was eternity?

Or little Russell would stare puzzled at his mirrored face —with which he was not pleased—asking himself silently who or what he was. *Cogito ergo sum?* (Two decades later, the boy would read Descartes, who held that the soul was mind or understanding; but the little Fool knew better than that, at the age of seven or the age of 27.) The boy had filled himself with *Märchen*, better guides

than Reason. Russell knew that he possessed an organic thinking-contrivance called a brain; yet he knew, or rather was aware somehow, that he was more than brain. Confronting the mirror, he obtained the intuition that he had a soul; no, that he *was* a soul. No one had told him so, yet he knew it for a truth absolute. *Sum ergo cogito.*

The doctrine of the soul, which the old Plato declared to be his principal teaching, is denied by the Wise Men nowadays—the Wise Men, that is, who have imposed their own spiritual blindness upon their pupils, after the fashion of the Wise Man in Yeats's play. The Christian dogmas of the soul and of the resurrection of the flesh, preached early in three continents, created a new order for humankind. Men and women are made for eternity: such was the first postulate of that moral order. How so? Because they are souls.

For expression and action, Aquinas instructs us, the soul requires a corporeal envelope. That premise is more readily apprehended today than it was in Saint Paul's age; for physicists tell us that we of this seemingly too-solid flesh actually are collections of electrical particles, held in an ephemeral arrangement by some "laws" that we do not



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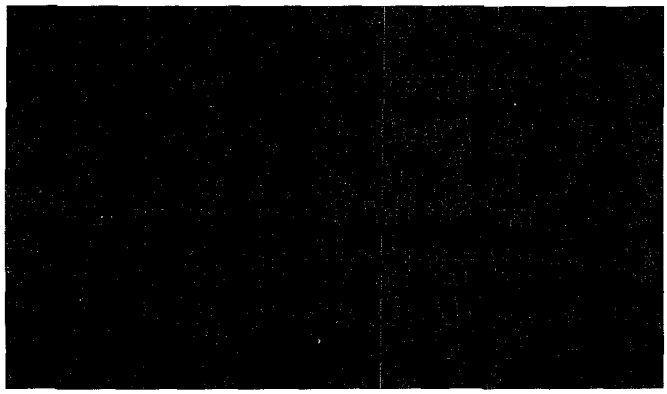

understand. We are energy—and energy, which we can neither create nor destroy, is being transmuted incessantly into fresh forms.

No longer need we say, with Tertullian, *Credo quia absurdum est.* For the science of quantum mechanics has undone nineteenth-century concepts of matter; and it becomes conceivable that whatever power has assembled the negative and positive charges composing us may reassemble those electrical particles, if it chooses, in eternity. What survives this present existence is the *anima*, the animating soul that transcends body and mind. The Shroud of Turin, confounding men of science and technology, is perhaps a spiritual time-bomb meant to disclose, after two thousand years, the soul's immortality.

The seven-year-old Russell knew nothing of atomic theory or Platonic insights or the Shroud. Nevertheless, in erring reason's spite the boy found in the riddle of a mirror the answer to his inquiry, "What am I?" He was a soul; if a soul in a fleshly prison, still a soul.

Knowing what he was, the Fool never was afflicted by that "identity crisis" so much written about in recent years. It is daring enough nowadays to venture to analyze "consciousness," let alone analyze the soul. But if the soul's reality is admitted, mere consciousness ceases to be a problem.

This precocious insight gave the boy whatever strength he was to possess in later years. The insight did not make him religious: a few Sundays he attended a Baptist Sunday school—encouraged by his parents, though they never entered any church themselves—but he drifted away. Skeptical from early years, in his teens he would twit his elders by professing atheism; actually, he was far too skeptical to accept atheism's dogmas.

THIS BRIEF ESSAY, then, is my testament to the soul's actuality. Some months ago, in the federal courthouse at Mobile, Alabama, I bore witness to this truth—as the court's expert witness, that is, not as witness for either plaintiff or defendant. Judge Brevard Hand inquired of me, during the testimony, why I found the alleged religion called "secular humanism" baneful. This is what I replied:

"Why, sir? Because it omits what Plato said was the really important thing in all his writings: the doctrine of the soul. We find in secular humanism no recognition of the soul. There is only the human animal—the naked ape, if you will. What really distinguishes us human beings from the brutes is possession of a soul. Thus the development of the spiritual is the highest aim of a good education. That is not taken into account at all by the secular humanists. They think of man as a mechanism, a fleshly computer. That is my primary objection."

The Supreme Court in its infinite wisdom, and the Wise Superintendents of our educationist apparatus, have made it indecent and unlawful to discourse of the soul in schools. So things continue to fall apart; mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.

"Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not," Coleridge says in his *Table-Talk*. "If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts."

Just so. And as awareness of the soul fades among us, derided by the Evangels of Modernity, we exist as dogs do, from day to day. □

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LEPROUS PAST BELIEF

THE YOUTHFUL MIND feasts upon substance. The professoriate at every level, from kindergarten through graduate school, has been eviscerating the curriculum, emptying it of its substance. This seems to be a reflection of a deeply anti-civilizational impulse.

For example, there was recently held a three-week—three-*week*—conference of "educators" at Wye Plantation, Maryland, and the conferees achieved remarkable unanimity. As reported in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, "English teachers from kindergarten through college have set out strikingly unified classroom goals, recommending an emphasis on how students read, write, and think, rather than on familiarity with specific literary works."

Head for the hills. You cannot teach "how" to think, unless you are teaching "specific literary works." In Homer, Hector says good-bye to his wife, Andromache, and his child, Astyanax, on his way to die at the hands of Achilles. The baby Astyanax weeps, afraid of the black plumes on his father's helmet. This kind of thing is simply not replaceable. "Good night, sweet prince," says Horatio, "And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." "In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more." "In the room the women come and go / Talking of Michelangelo." "Can't repeat the past? Of course you can."

But what we confront academically is an intellectual invasion of the liver flukes. To quote from the *Chronicle* again: "Tomorrow's English majors would study a variety of works, including scientific papers and literary theory. They would analyze the historical, cultural, and political dimensions of what they read."

The three-week conference also voted overwhelmingly for more money enabling teachers to attend conferences to keep up to date on "current methodology." What "methodology" seems to mean in this environment is an attack upon "close reading" of a literary work, in favor of putting it into its political, cultural, and, above all, sexual context. What does not get explained is how you can put a work into any context until you have, in fact, *read* it. The sermon, after all, has to be based upon a text. Clearly, the great fear operative among these people is that the text will contradict the sermon. Therefore, away with the text. We will study film, and maybe comic strips, and "methodology."

Professor E. D. Hirsch Jr., of the University of Virginia, is the author of the best-seller *Cultural Literacy*. Says the *Chronicle*: "Mr. Hirsch got a chilly reception when he spoke here. In an interview afterward, he said he had tried to explain to teachers how the idea of a 'national language and culture' was 'socially progressive.'" Hmmm. Hirsch went on: "Cultural conservatism is not politically conservative —in fact it's just the opposite." This boot-licking got poor Professor Hirsch precisely nowhere. He was considered "out of touch with the multicultural American classroom."

The organized "educators" represented at the three-week conference were the Association of Departments of English, the College English Association, the College Language Association, the Conference on College Composition and Communication, the Conference on English Education, the Modern Language Association, and the National Council of Teachers of English. The three-week conference was funded by the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, the Exxon Education Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Humanities. I am not against this funding, since it did serve an educational purpose: the "educators" spread their wares on the table, in broad daylight, and instructed us all in how bad things really are.

As it happens, I turned from this to a wonderful book by the English poet Charles Tomlinson entitled *Some Americans*, published in 1981 by the University of California. In this book he writes about reading and education, about how it felt to discover real writing. "I also acquired, on loan, . . . Hart Crane's 1933 *Collected Poems*. This was a book that, round about 1950, stopped me in my tracks. The sequence that laid hold of me was not 'The Bridge' (except for 'Cutty Sark,' which I already knew from Roberts's anthology) but 'Voyages': 'Meticulous, past midnight in clear rime'—that was a voice that appealed to me, and: 'The bay estuaries fleck the hard sky limits.'"

THE SWINE own the universities. The writers own the language. But the good news is that you need lose no sleep worrying about who is going to win this particular confrontation.

"Laydeeez and gentlemen . . . In the far corner, wearing the black trunks, is Ms. Nada, Chairperson of Comparative Literature at Nowhere University. Mizzzz Nada! In the near corner, wearing the red trunks, is . . . Christopher Marlowe. Marlowe is dancing around in his corner. He is throwing practice punches and blowing kisses to the crowd . . . Shakespeare and Jonson are in Marlowe's corner . . . Bong!" □

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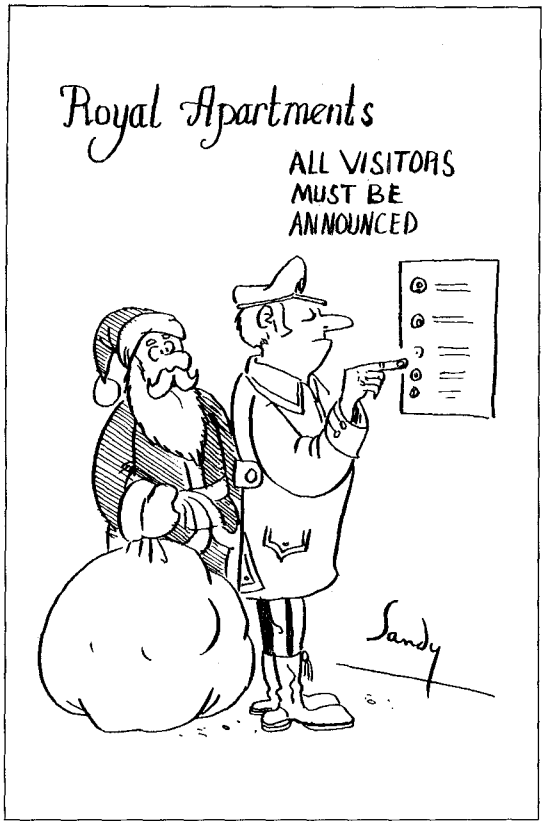

Holly Daze

Attempts to recycle
The gift you don't like'll
Lead straight to debacle (who'll save it?)
If, deep in a swivet,
You happen to give it
Straight back to the giver who *gave* it.

MAUREEN CANNON

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FIRST IT'S UP THE HILL, THEN IT'S DOWN IN THE VALLEY! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HELL WE ARE?
£
YEN
DEUTSCHE MARK
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"CAREFUL, COMRADE GORBACHEV... NOT TOO DEEP."

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'AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS SOCIAL JUSTICE'

"WE'VE DONE a very dangerous thing," said Bishop Michael Dempsey when the Catholic Church launched the Campaign for Human Development in 1970. "We've created in the hearts of the poor a hope in the Catholic Church." Well, hope springs eternal, but charity, it seems, is passé—at least if the Campaign for Human Development is any indicator of trends in Catholic thinking. "We're not really involved in charity," says Executive Director Father Alfred LoPinto. "We fund self-help projects, and it's considered funding for justice."

Each year dutiful parishioners plunk millions into special collection plates passed on CHD's behalf, assured that their contributions will help America's poor. Thanks to their generosity, the Campaign for Human Development is able to sponsor a wide network of organizations devoted to social change. "The Campaign for Human Development is very important," said Jackie Kendall, Executive Director of the Midwest Academy, a Chicago-based training school for "progressive" activists. "It is probably the biggest contributor to grass-roots leadership development in the country." (The Academy, founded by prominent New Left activist and SDS graduate Heather Booth, trains the leaders of many CHD-funded groups.)

For struggling "progressive" groups, the amount of money CHD contributes is no small potatoes. For the 1985-86 fiscal year, CHD made grants totaling $6.3 million, plus economic-development loans amounting to $50,000. An additional $876,000 was budgeted for "educational programs, creation of public awareness, and promotion." In many cases, CHD beneficiaries are involved in activities that have only a tenuous connection to solving the problem of poverty but quite solid ties to left-wing politics. The South Carolina Coalition against the Death Penalty got $13,500 from CHD, for example, while Power, Stand, and Stand of Amarillo, an anti-nuke group, received $25,000. Indian rights seem to have been popular in 1986. Grantees included the Potawatomi Indian Nation ($25,000), the United Houma Nation ($10,000), the Anishinabe Akeeng land-rights organization on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota ($35,000), and the Klamath Tribe ($20,000). Much of the money, it appears, was used by these groups to obtain tribal recognition from the Federal Government. A federally recognized tribe is eligible for—surprise, surprise—certain federal moneys.

PARTICULARLY striking was the $40,000 that CHD gave to a Washington, D.C., organization called the National Health Care Campaign, which, according to a spokesman, Mike Haga, functions as a clearinghouse and advisor to a number of smaller groups, including the "pro-choice" National Women's Health Network. Ooops! Does this mean CHD is funding abortion rights? "That's not one of the things that makes it real popular with Catholics," Haga hastily added, "so I wouldn't necessarily list that as one of your groups."

The poverty groups CHD chooses to fund have a similar ideological flavor. The biggest beneficiary of CHD, for example, is the Industrial Areas Foundation, which trains leaders in Saul Alinsky's confrontational tactics. "The Alinsky model," Father LoPinto explains, "is based on engaging in power analysis and then building a power base to engage in dialogue for the common good."

Tom Pauken discovered CHD's anti-charity bias after Ronald Reagan appointed him head of ACTION, the government's volunteer anti-poverty agency, in 1981. VISTA, an agency of ACTION, had been funding a number of political-activist organizations, under the guise of charity. In 1981, Pauken succeeded in eliminating several of these grantees, and he received an irate phone call from Father Marvin Mottet, a former executive director of CHD. (Father Mottet is the kind of guy who, when mugged in downtown Washington, D.C., said Ronald Reagan's economic policies were to blame. His remarks were quoted in the *Washington Post*.) Pauken, a Catholic, tried to mollify Mottet by pointing out that Father Bruce Ritter's Covenant House, which shelters runaway children in New York, had been added to VISTA's rolls. Wrong move: Ritter's shelter is just charity, said Father Mottet, which, as he once told *The Wanderer*, is "a bottomless pit." In order to receive CHD's financial blessing, an organization must try to achieve structural changes in society. "I think they felt that [the programs dropped from VISTA] were taking money away from the rich," says Mottet of Pauken & Co. "They wanted the poor to be down on their knees for a handout."

Pauken's second run-in with CHD came when he was dispatched to Texas to investigate a group called Valley Interfaith, which had demanded $70 million in federal funds. Valley Interfaith, he discovered, is CHD-funded; in 1986, its grant was $70,000. Why does Valley Interfaith rate so much dough? Here is CHD's summation of Valley Interfaith's achievements: "The organization has built a strong record of accomplishments including: getting $125 million per year new money to

Miss Hays, a former National Catholic Register *correspondent, is moving to the* Washington Times.

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what they didn't teach you in school

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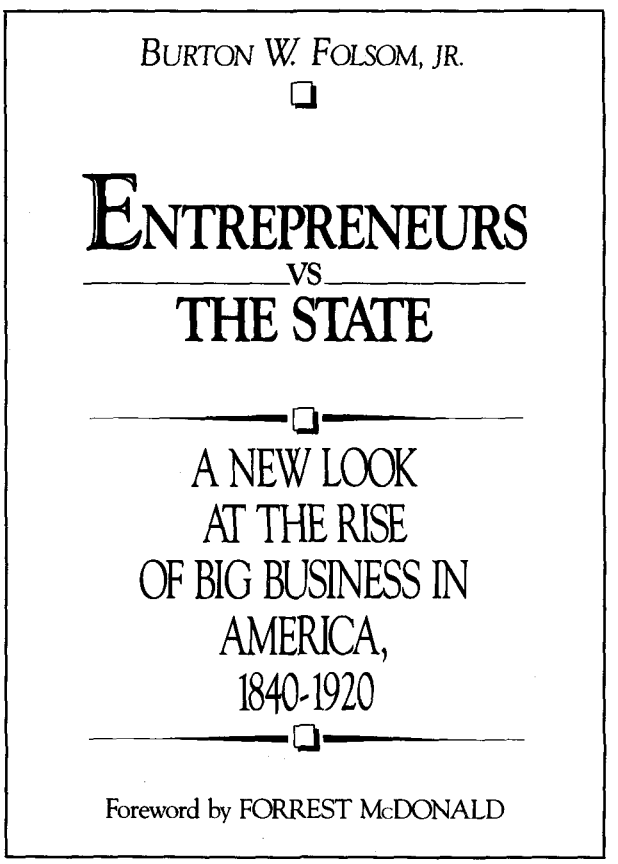
Foreword by Forrest McDonald
18 illustrations



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Valley schools; obtaining $70 million with the passing of the Indigent Health Act of 1985; acquiring $2.5 million in development funds for several '*colonias*'; and stopping the burning of PCBs in the Gulf of Mexico."

Valley Interfaith's record of political activism deepened Pauken's interest in the Campaign for Human Development. He asked an aide, William Poole, to conduct an investigation into the Campaign's activities. Poole's study concluded that the Campaign—and hence the Catholic Church—is indeed funding leftist political organizations.

The Pauken Draft, as the study came to be known, provoked an angry reaction at the Campaign. "The ultimate object of the attack," wrote Bishop William Friend, chairman of an ad-hoc committee in defense of the Campaign, "is the Catholic hierarchy and its promotion of the Church's social teaching within the context of the U.S. economy." Similarly, LoPinto argues that critics of the Campaign haven't followed the development in Catholic thought after Vatican II. "The source of Pauken's criticism is the notion of empowerment—the fact that poor people are being organized in their own self-interest in relationship to government and all kinds of bureaucracies," he says. "Poor people are organizing to achieve change that opens up the systems of our society to all people." Pauken responds: "I think it's only a matter of more Catholics becoming aware. The truth is out and the hidden agenda is on the table."

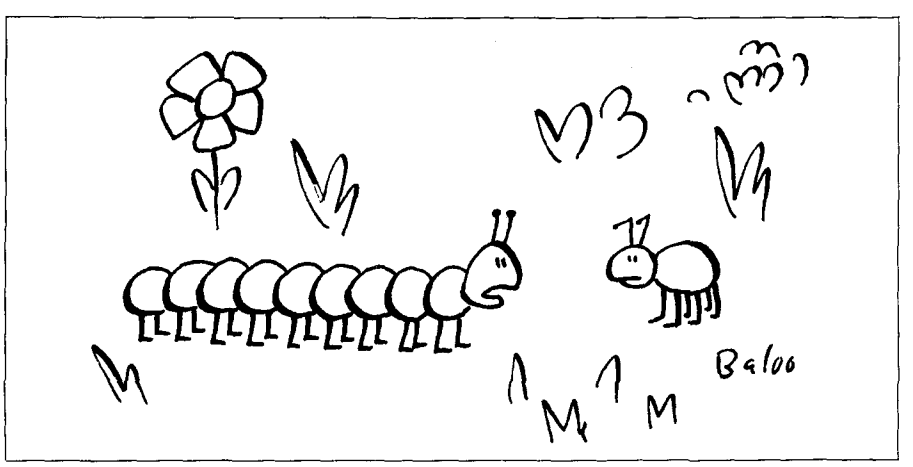
While CHD officials talk about "empowerment," what they offer the poor is angry dependency. For example, the Campaign's 1985-86 annual report lauds a San Antonio group called Communities Organized for Public Service (COPS), claiming it "revitalized democracy in the wake of San Antonio's 'legacy of neglect.'" However, a close reading shows that COPS's real facility is in obtaining large amounts of taxpayer dollars—e.g., by "squelch[ing] a proposal that would have choked off public funds for infrastructure improvements" in low-income housing. When CHD leaders speak about developing the self-help skills of the poor, it's not the *ability to earn a living, to educate* their children, or to fix up dilapidated housing that they mean. The only skill that seems to impress CHD is the ability to wheedle money out of the Federal Government.

THE CAMPAIGN for Human Development is a product of the Sixties and it shares one of that decade's principal vices: politicizing everything. One of the unfortunate by-products of this politicization is to drag a previously unquestioned virtue —charity—down into the ideological fray. Charitable giving, instead of being a duty above politics, becomes only another arena in which interest groups fight for their vision of Justice.

Such thoughts never disturb the Campaign's equanimity. *Daring to Seek Justice: People Working Together*, an in-house history of CHD, eulogizes "the decade of the Sixties" as "one of idealism and chaos, of hope and despair." According to the document, CHD was formed in part in response to the radical demands of James Forman, a former leader of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, who claimed U.S. churches must make reparation for injustices done to blacks. From mainline Protestant churches, Forman "initially asked for $500 million, but later raised his demand to $3 billion." Later, he demanded a paltry $200 million from the Catholic Church—quite a bargain. In CHD's view, Forman's Black Manifesto of 1969 "sharpened" the growing "discussion" of poverty. "The option for the poor," explains *Daring to Seek Justice*, "is an option against what we today call 'social sin'—the unjust and oppressive structures that personal sins *create and sustain. The person of Jesus* comes forward to us today not only singly but in groups, classes, and communities of people who are forced to live in conditions that impede them from experiencing full social participation and real human growth."

One of the most poignant stories CHD tells about itself concerns the political education of "a shy country girl" named Shirley Allen. Miss Allen is a community organizer in the tiny hamlet of Metcalfe, Mississippi. The CHD report doesn't say exactly what Miss Allen did, but it notes that as more than $9 million in development funds poured into Metcalfe, the town built a sewer facility and natural-gas systems supplying low-income homes. "The more I learned," Shirley Allen says, "the more I started opening up. People started asking a lot of questions and I had to give them answers." Unfortunately for this touching story, much of the notice Metcalfe has attracted has been for the comic ways it has spent this largesse. For instance, surrounded by miles of open country, Metcalfe made its first project the creation of a sylvan park. The Campaign's literature on "Metcalfe's transformation" doesn't distinguish between federal and Catholic money, so it is difficult to say exactly how involved CHD is in the town. What is clear is that Metcalfe's fame rests on its ability to get grants.

In creating the Campaign for Human Development, the American Catholic Church tried to replace charity with social justice. It's a bad bargain, both for those who give and for those who receive. No doubt the Campaign does some good, but it seems to have carried over from the Sixties the notion that leadership is a matter of getting more money. And as the War on Poverty demonstrated, that is, to borrow a phrase from Father Mottet, a bottomless pit. □



"Can I let you know tomorrow? It takes me a while to reach a consensus."

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PROGRESS ON THE MARGIN

A LEGION OF "expert" Sovietologists both in Europe and in the United States has taken up the question of how much attention we should pay to Mikhail Gorbachev's vaunted reforms. On almost any day in almost any major newspaper, you can find at least one opinion piece claiming to explore "the limits of *glasnost*." But, at the very least, one must say that Gorbachev's attempts at liberalization have had some effect in matters of free speech.

There has always existed in the Soviet Union a literature whose subtly concealed spirit of opposition only the alert and intelligent reader could "decipher" by reading between the lines; the literary monthly *Novy Mir* (nearly four hundred pages an issue) has been a most courageous source of such material. The authors and publishers of opposition literature run great risks, but the stakes are extremely high: in "eternal Russia" literature carries infinitely more weight than it does in the West. Writers and poets largely *made* Russian history, acting, for better or for worse, as pioneers and icebreakers. By the same token, the Russians are avid readers. Down to and including the working class, they read classics, contemporary works, anything they can get hold of; and they are prepared to spend incredible amounts for these treasures.

But now there is actually evidence of a new and growing sense of openness. *Sobesyednik*, a Soviet youth periodical, recently published letters from some 298 young men and women scattered through 157 cities. A 29-year-old railroad official writes: "You ask me whether I believe in Communism. For me it is a bluff. Ask the people who queue up in front of a shop what is better, Communism or a kilo of butter, a sausage, a chicken!" A 26-year-old student declares: "Communism is utopia. What really counts is the freedom to visit other countries. Lenin often traveled abroad because the Czar kept the borders open."

Of course, this is not the first time a portion of the Communist world has been promised a "thaw." Khrushchev's regime was relatively tolerant in matters of literary expression, but immediately after his fall the screws were tightened. The same thing happened in China after Mao "let a thousand flowers bloom," and in Czechoslovakia after the 1968 "Prague Spring": critics of the respective governments came out of hiding, only to be met by a crushing counterattack. So, not surprisingly, the Soviet public is skeptical of today's "liberalizations."

But if many Russians distrust the present "thaw" (or "spring"), yet they do not hesitate to take advantage of whatever modest liberties they are offered. And these liberties are already beginning to be felt on Russia's literary scene. Next year Soviet citizens will be permitted to read Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*—which is not, to be sure, a truly "anti-Communist" novel. Word is going around that Nikolay Gumilev will be republished, and that Vladimir Nabokov will be published in the Soviet Union for the first time. Gumilev was executed by the Soviet regime in 1921—i.e., under Lenin, not under Stalin. Others who are expected to enjoy a certain rehabilitation include Mikhail Bulgakov, Vladimir Solovyev, Dmitri Merezhkovsky, and Merezhkovsky's wife, Zinaida Hippius—but, with the exception of Bulgakov's novel *A Dog's Heart*, only their poetry is to be released.

There are, however, Soviet authors already in print whose novels offer a solid, if sometimes indirect, critique of life in their country—above all Dzinghiz Aitmatov, Valentin Rasputin (a Siberian), and Viktor Astafyev. Their novels describe the moral decay in the USSR, the terrible plight of an uprooted peasantry, the drug scene, the widespread corruption—things that, according to the Party line, are the by-products of capitalism and thus to be found only in the decadent West. As is well known, newspapers in the Soviet Union have long been forbidden to report crimes (especially murder), suicides, divorces, accidents, and other unpleasant events. But here, too, a certain liberalization has taken effect, and such things do sometimes find their way into everything from literature to the daily news. In Dzinghiz Aitmatov's novel *Place of Execution*, the hero is an ex-seminarian who fights gangs of drug dealers and antelope hunters, by whom, in the end, he is crucified. Then there is Viktor Astafyev's novel *A Sad Crime Story*, which deplores the moral decay of family life and stresses the sinister rule of diabolical wickedness. Both of these books are captivating because both view their seamy subject matter from a Christian angle.

THIS NEW literature reveals the great crisis in Soviet life. The Revolution has failed; even equality has not been achieved, since the *nomenklatura* enjoys all the privileges of the good life while the common man remains the underdog. Russians are by nature a spiritual people. Yet today, politically and spiritually, they face a near void: with the collapse of the Marxist promise and the withering of the Christian faith, an enormous vacuum has taken the place of old loyalties and enthusiasms. Noble spirits continue to protest against this uncivilized civilization, and their presence can be felt in Soviet literature. The Old World as described by the great Russian playwrights and novelists still enchants the public. People must cling to something, and they cannot go on living in a void, reading *Das Kapital*, the dullest of dull books by a man who understood a lot of things but obviously not economics. □

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A SOLID SINGLE

Terry Teachout

The New Season: A Spectator's Guide to the 1988 Election, by George F. Will (Simon and Schuster, 223 pp., $17.95)

THE NEW SEASON is not George Will's *magnum opus*, but it is a very clever piece of work, one that even the most wizened observer of the political scene can read with pleasure. Not a home run, to be sure, but a solid single, and his fans should give a heartfelt cheer.

"The purpose," he says, "of this volume is not to predict the outcome of the 1988 election. Nor is its purpose to say who ought to win. Rather, its purpose is the more modest one of clarification. It offers thoughts about how to think about what the candidates will be thinking about and doing. It is a spectator's guide to the civic spectacle now unfolding."

For Mr. Will, all bets are off in 1988. There is no longer a majority party and there will be no incumbent on the ballot in November. "Thus," he notes, "the 1988 campaign will be the first since 1960 in which everyone knows from the start that both nominations are up for grabs." Both parties, in other words, are running on a level field, and both parties are weighed down with formidable political disadvantages right from the start.

On the one hand, the Democrats are suffering from a stiff dose of the obvious. With the apparent disintegration of the Solid South, their electoral demographics are dangerously slippery. "As moderately conservative Democrats drift away to the Republican Party, or just to disassociation from the Democratic Party," Mr. Will points out with transparent glee, "the ratio of liberals to all others in the Democratic Party rises. This makes it steadily more difficult for a moderately conservative Democrat to win a presidential nomination. And that hastens the flight of the less liberal Democrats." Will they shape up and get politically serious? Probably not: "While Democrats have been failing to define vital interests, they also have been failing in their attempt convincingly to adjust even their rhetoric in the direction of realism. . . . many Democrats have substituted moral arrogance for intellectual rigor, evidently hoping that guilt-mongering and moral blackmail can be the ingredients of a successful electoral appeal."

So far, so good. But the Republicans are suffering from an equally stiff dose of an even more devastating disease: Ronald Reagan. "In 1988," Mr. Will says, "Republican candidates will be seeking to contrast themselves with Reagan without, Lord knows, seeming in even the slightest way to criticize him." They run the risk of becoming "issues-paper politicians" who restrict themselves to "dwelling on details," making them vulnerable to the same kind of campaign with which Ronald Reagan clobbered Walter Mondale: "I think it is probable . . . that the most successful Democrats in 1988 will run 'thematic' campaigns, as Reagan did in 1984 and as Kennedy did in 1960 (about getting America moving again). This is probable for two reasons. Democrats have not really been happy—seriously happy—since 1960. And a thematic campaign is perfect for a party that cannot say much of anything without causing tantrums somewhere in its ranks or apprehension in the electorate."

So who's going to win? It's anybody's guess. George Will makes no predictions, but he manages to poke a good deal of fun along the way. Ronald Reagan's tenure in the White House, which Mr. Will coolly describes as "the *soi-disant* 'conservative era,'" turns out to be on the short end of much of the poking. While Mr. Will is perfectly happy to celebrate Ronald Reagan's having presided over "one of the most important post-New Deal enrichments of the welfare state," he is considerably less happy to note that "it was during this Administration that the United States conclusively lost the cold war."

Question: Is George Will really a

Aram Bakshian Jr. writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts. His commentaries on the Iran-Contra hearings have been nationally televised in Canada by CBC.

Paul Gottfried is a senior editor at The World & I. *His forthcoming book, written with Thomas Fleming, is* The Conservative Movement, *to be published in February by Twayne.*

Hugh Kenner's latest book is The Mechanic Muse.

Terry Teachout, NR*'s TV columnist, is a member of the editorial board of the* New York Daily News.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER: In *Condemned to Repetition: The United States and Nicaragua* (Princeton, $24.95), Robert A. Pastor, who served on the National Security Council during the Carter Administration (he was director of Latin American and Caribbean affairs), argues that in Nicaragua the United States is repeating all of the errors that it made twenty years ago in Cuba.

☐ MORE DECEMBER TITLES: *C. Vann Woodward, Southerner* (Georgia, $24.95), by John Herbert Roper, is a critical study of the historian's thought and work, as his progressivism took shape against the "consensus" view of history concurrently being developed by Richard Hofstadter and others.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky: A Writer's Life (Viking, $24.95), by Geir Kjetsaa, vice president of the International Dostoyevsky Society, is full of original re-evaluations of the novelist's personality and the unconscious drives that propelled it.

A Common Room: Essays 1954-1987 (Atheneum, $23.95), by Reynolds Price, considers any number of literary topics, among the most interesting being the place in American letters of the (rural) regional writers, on behalf of whom Price argues that the greatest of them bring together rural and urban as a cultural whole, which is then placed in universal perspective. Other matters here considered are Jewish-American fiction, the South in contemporary American politics and culture, and the work of Milton, Henry James, Eudora Welty, Tennessee Williams, and others (including Reynolds Price).

☐ COMING IN JANUARY: *Geniuses Together: American Writers in Paris in the 1920s* (Houghton Mifflin, $18.95), by Humphrey Carpenter, is yet another examination of "the long, wild party" in which much of modern American letters was born.

In *Verdi: A Life in the Theater* (Knopf, $22.95), Charles Osborne (author of *The Complete Operas of Verdi*) considers Giuseppe Verdi, the composer, in his practical role of a man of the theater, basing his work mainly on his subject's voluminous correspondence. —CW

neoliberal in disguise? Answer: Could be. But before you jump to any conclusions, read *The New Season*. Granted, Mr. Will brings his book to a close with a cheerful hiss of optimism about how politics is "good, and agreeable, and fun, and serious." You may wish to counteract this nonsense with a double shot of Mencken. But if you don't have a copy of *Notes on Democracy* handy, try flipping to the following passage in *The New Season* instead: "Time was when conservatism's proudest boast was a flinty realism. It looked life in the face without flinching from the facts about the costs of things. No more. . . . When some Homer comes to write an epic poem about the intellectual odyssey of American conservatism, he will want to dwell on an episode in Sydney, Ohio, in autumn, 1984. There, President Reagan, custodian of conservatism, speaking from the rear platform of a train, said: 'My opponent, Mr. Mondale, offers a future of pessimism, fear, and limits.' "

George Will may be a bit squishy about welfare-statism, but he still knows a load of old rope when he sees one, even when it's uncoiling from the mouth of Mr. Conservative himself. It is the horse sense behind this passage, and dozens of others like it, that makes *The New Season* a good read, even for *soi-disant* conservatives like you and me. ☐

WE THE CHURCH

Joseph Sobran

Once a Catholic, by Peter Occhiogrosso (Houghton Mifflin, 416 pp., $18.95)

THIS IS a collection of interviews with Catholics, lapsed Catholics, Catholics in revolt, and even liberal Catholics. Most are writers, but not all: Jimmy Breslin, Christopher Buckley, Daniel and Sidney Callahan, George Carlin, Mary Gordon, Bob Guccione, Eugene McCarthy, Michael Novak, Wilfrid Sheed, José Torres, Frank Zappa, and several others.

A few talk about why they believe (or don't), but for most the question of Truth is oddly secondary: they talk about what they like and don't like. Bob Guccione, the pornographer, likes the Church better than most, in a sleazy way: he's too far from it to resent it. Mary Gordon, on the other hand, is full of catty remarks about Holy Mother Church, but she refuses to leave, because that would be conceding the Church's turf to "inferior people," to whom she says: "Eventually you are going to come around, because the future is on our side, not yours." The antecedent of the first-person plural pronoun isn't specified, but one knows who it is: We the People, the progressive-minded ones, the Church of the Future, our dear Hive. This faith in the future is getting a little long in the tooth by now, but its votaries are still holding out: there's a new world a-comin', and You People aren't going to like it one bit.

Peggy Scherer has left the Catholic Worker movement to work for gays and lesbians, her idea of those who need special attention in this vale of tears. (And who in the Hive would argue with that?) She touches all the bases: "Nicaragua is a very Christian country"—now more than ever, of course. Joan Chittister, the feminist (etc.) nun, has a confession to make: "I'm a perfect example of the unthinking conservative. I bought it all, meaning I never confronted it intellectually." Again, all the bases: "If there's a Communist revolution in Latin America, we have made them ripe for it." We the Hive? No: "When I say 'we' I mean a so-called Christian capitalist society. . . ."

Christopher Durang, playwright, recalls: "I was in the generation that was taught with the Baltimore Catechism, question-and-answer style. . . . The religious teaching was monolithic. Everyone said the same thing, and there was really an answer for just about everything. . . . There was that feeling that ideas were dangerous." All very *de haut en bas*. You get the feeling, from these allegedly questioning, progressive, let's-get-on-with-it souls, of an enormous *complacency*, the whining of spoiled children who question everything but their own vanities. After all, they're successful people who have parlayed doubt into prosperity, status, and sexual victory. They count on others to share their attitudes, so they feel no need to justify themselves, beyond flashing a few liberal credentials.

Not all of those quoted in the book are like this—just enough of them to make the whole thing tedious. But there are bright patches too. George Carlin, who made a comedy routine of the autobiography that the aforementioned recall sullenly, turns out to be surprisingly chipper. Wilfrid Sheed

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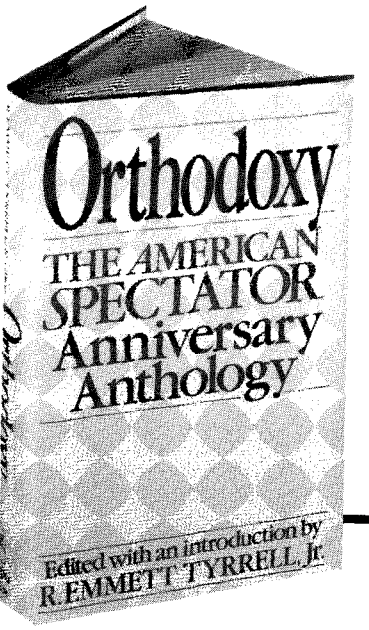

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couldn't bore if he tried. Christopher Buckley remembers his Catholic boyhood with the kind of detail that brings back the very smell of it. Michael Novak is full of *pensées*: "There is an orthodoxy in progressive bourgeois Christianity, too. I know, because I have been excommunicated from it."

In his introduction, Peter Occhiogrosso, the book's interviewer and editor, says his subjects show that "American Catholicism is rich in creative resources . . . diversity . . . ethnically spangled. . . . Those critics both within and without who view the Roman Catholic Church the way we"—we the Hive—"once saw Communism—as a monolithic structure—will probably not feel comforted by the wealth of testimony recorded here." But he goes on to mention that he edited out a lot of "those amusing but ultimately repetitive stories that speckle so many Catholic memoirs—anecdotes about high-strung nuns who threatened their charges with medieval-sounding tortures," etc. Somehow I sensed it. He also edited himself out of the interviews, but you can feel his presence, constantly evoking a certain set of responses that tell him what he wants to hear, e.g., those amusing but ultimately repetitive stories of high-strung nuns with medieval tortures, the sort of object lessons of the Past that are cherished by the parishioners of the Church of the Future.

If these people—the superior people, Mary Gordon implies—weren't stuck in frozen attitudes, if they would bother to explain themselves fully, if they would take the trouble to see their shared premises as propositions that are actually open to question, then, maybe, *Once a Catholic* would have been a thoroughly interesting book. That's where the interviewer should have done his work: challenging them, instead of reassuring them that it's okay, he's on their side. There's too much "we" in this book: We the intellectual snobs, We who Know Better, the sort of We that seems to ask: "Is there anyone *else*?" Talk about having all the answers!

I think the reason We sympathize so ostentatiously with the wretched of the earth, from the Third World to Greenwich Village, is not that We actually want to *help* them (We rarely lift a finger to do that, except at Live-Aid concerts), but that they serve as a metaphor for all that We secretly feel We've suffered, at the hands of our own society—at the levels of family, church, and civic life. In the seemly guise of compassion, We can release a lifetime's hoarded resentment, self-pity, and spite—and earn moral credit for it. The wonder is that these impostures, which question everyone else's good faith, are still taken at face value. □

OTHER BATTLES TO FIGHT

Paul Gottfried

Will Herberg: From Right to Right, by Harry J. Ausmus (North Carolina, 275 pp., $29.95)

IN A NOTE to Robert Hessen of the Hoover Institution discussing this book, Sidney Hook wondered how anyone could take Will Herberg "seriously as a thinker." Hook's question betrayed the bitterness of his battles with Herberg, going back to the Thirties. Hook and Herberg had fought furiously as Marxists, and they again disagreed as prominent anti-Communists. One was (and is) a religious skeptic and a democratic socialist; the other celebrated a redemptive history that he identified with Judaeo-Christianity.

In a certain sense, these two intellectuals represented different phases of postwar conservatism. Hook's view of things, it may be said with some oversimplification, has triumphed on the Right over Herberg's, give or take a few dissenting voices. The reason has not been Hook's polemics against religion: most conservatives even today would hesitate to describe themselves as atheists. Instead, Hook's triumph can be seen in the fact that most self-described conservatives (and *a fortiori* neoconservatives) glorify material progress and social equality while looking toward a universal democratic culture. The Right, in short, has become the home of cold-war liberalism.

Pointing this out is not "to make faces at history," a practice Herberg deplored. Rather, it is to note what has happened in the last thirty years. And the change in the direction of American conservatism over that period has created a problem that Harry J. Ausmus fails to address: hardly anyone today will feel compelled to read this biography of a figure whose impact the biographer never makes clear. Despite the multiple printings of *Judaism and Modern Man* (1951) and *Protestant, Catholic, Jew* (1955), and despite his provocative essays for NATIONAL REVIEW, *Christian Century*, and *Modern Age*, Herberg's life and accomplishments are by now unknown except to historians of the Fifties and some older conservatives.

Neither Ausmus nor Martin E. Marty, who introduces the book, demonstrates convincingly Herberg's importance. Indeed it is difficult even for me, as his onetime devotee and personal friend, to recognize his vibrancy in this well-researched but plodding biography. Ausmus uses a topical breakdown of Herberg's opinions, which provides a sense of comprehensiveness but does nothing to reveal the fiery personality of the man Ursula Niebuhr once compared to the converted St. Paul.

Despite these structural and stylistic limitations, Ausmus, by the end of his book, has told us a great deal about Herberg. He also gives clues as to why Herberg and the older Right drifted away from the newer Right after the 1960s. Herberg lived in a divided universe between his theology of sin and redemption and his generally indulgent view of American life. Though Herberg professed to believe in the Judaic tradition (which he tried to distinguish from mere Rabbinic law), Ausmus is correct in stressing Herberg's providential, indeed *Protestant*, outlook. Herberg admired the Pauline emphasis on "the *scandal* of the Cross" and Luther's insistence on "letting God be God." He praised Reinhold Niebuhr not for his pragmatic liberalism, but for his appreciation of human frailty and the divine hand in history.

It may be argued that Herberg saw a special grace being showered on Americans. Even in *Protestant, Catholic, Jew*, a work intermittently critical of American religious shallowness, the overshadowing theme is the steady integration of immigrants, through their churches and synagogues, into a distinctly American way of life. Though

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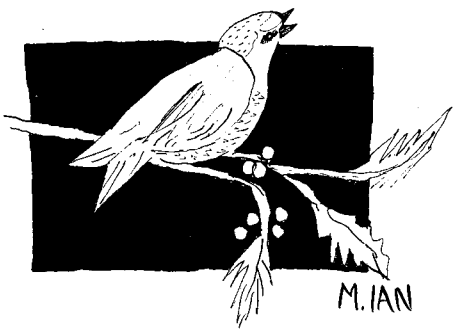
in the final chapter he scolds Americans for abandoning authentic Judaeo-Christian religiosity, the book seemed upbeat to many of its readers, including myself. Herberg himself clung to its arguments, in the face of challenging evidence from Nathan Glazer, Gerhard Lenski, and Edward Laumann. These and other sociologists suggested that primary social relations in America were more closely correlated to class than to religious affiliation.

By the Seventies, also, the Balkanization of America was under way, as racial and ethnic minorities began to assert their spiraling claims against WASP America. Even in the teeth of these challenges, Herberg continued until his death to speak of America's absorbing the children and grandchildren of immigrants through three Americanizing religions, all teaching patriotism and good work habits.

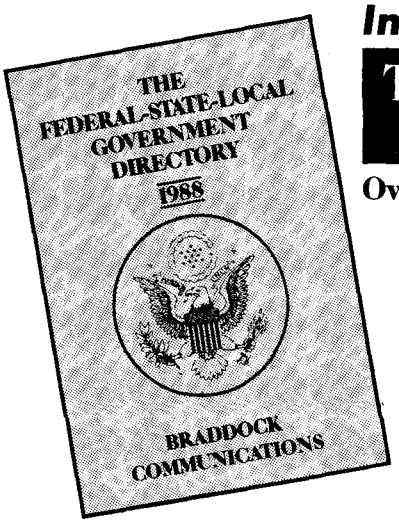
The erupting counterculture in the Sixties disturbed Herberg far less than it did Hook and the incipient neoconservatives. What horrified him considerably more was the liberalization of Christian churches, particularly the



watering down of dogma. He never tired of reminding his Christian readers and students at Drew University that fallen man, in Paul's words, was "groaning" under the burden of sin. As for the hippies in his classes, as long as they behaved, he was sure he could get through to them. In any case, they would mature with time, just as he and his generation had outgrown the Communist movement. Nowhere in any of Herberg's writings or remarks does one find the Sixties described as a menacing watershed, except when he speaks of reforms in the Catholic Church and inroads by American secularizers.

Herberg was also convinced that America would soon solve its racial problems—the way it had overcome its ethnic problems in the past. He quoted *The Unheavenly City* by Edward Banfield, which presented blacks as the most recently arrived unskilled laborers living in large cities. Blacks were unhappy because of diminishing opportunities for unskilled labor. The disintegration of their communities and the criminal proclivities of black youths, Herberg thought, would end once the riots were put down and job training was made available.

Herberg's optimism about American life was unrelated to a belief in the goodness of human nature. Nor did he hold any brief for the progressive doctrines of his time: his view on sexual roles was defiantly medieval. But he did love America, his adopted land; and, like other paleoconservatives, he did not feel directly threatened by the assaults of the counterculture. It was not his career or vision of progress lying under the rubble at Columbia, Berkeley, or Cornell. The battles of the Sixties and Seventies created new lines of division, between Hook and his dis-



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ciples and the unruly Left. From Ausmus's biography it should be apparent that these were not the battles that stirred Herberg's blood. □

A WINCHELL ON PARNASSUS

Hugh Kenner

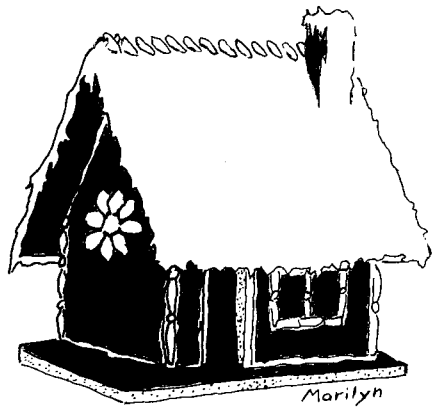
Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle, by Jeffrey Meyers (Arbor House, 224 pp., $17.95)

PAGE THROUGH this book about five poets (Lowell, Berryman, Jarrell, Roethke, Plath) and what you'll almost never find on exhibition is *poetry* (you know, lines with uneven right margins: just what justifies their claim on our attention). Swept together by some tidy janitor, Mr. Meyers's samplings of his subjects' verse would sit neatly on a single page.

That may be just as well, since when he does quote he saps confidence. Thus Randall Jarrell, he tells us, was a poet who had mental breakdowns and so wrote about Freud. And "Though Freud was not mentioned in 'Deutsch Durch Freud,' Jarrell used him to justify his refusal to learn German. For he believed with Freud that the sympathetic imagination acts more powerfully in the unconscious than in the conscious mind, that he could translate more effectively with intuition than with intellect:

A feeling in the Dark
Brings worlds, brings words, that
hard-eyed Industry
And all the schools' dark Learning
never knew."

Well, let's see. "Deutsch Durch Freud": that twist on the slogan *Kraft durch Freude* (Strength through Joy) should hint that we're entering a *playful* poem. As we are; and one clear thing about it is that its speaker, like many a tourist, knows a good deal of German—he embeds some 75 German words in his text—but not enough for confidence. (He imagines asking a German physician if he's dying, only to have his grammar corrected.) He reads Rilke, it's clear, and Heine, both of them with pleasure. No, not an excuse for refusing to learn German. Rather than Freud, we might remember Eliot, on his undergraduate pleas-



ure in a Dante he could only haltingly translate. "Deutsch Durch Freud"—not the best of poems, even of Jarrell's—does deserve being read for what it says: about Language and Poetry, not about the unconscious. But really, poetry isn't a Meyers metier.*

No, his metier is pathology. *Manic Power* fulfills the promise of *The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis*, where the fullest meditations I know of on the urinary tract of a man of genius comport with nescience on the necessities that drove his art. Hear now its author's crisp words on Greek Thought: "The Greek idea of the deranged artist found expression in the *Ion*, where Plato equated poetic power with a state of divinely inspired insanity: 'the authors of those great poems which we admire . . . create . . . in a state of divine insanity.'" (It's unwise, by the way, to cite Plato via the translation of Shelley, whose "Defense of Poetry" should alert you to his stake in unreason.)

But (hubris!) he's next unlucky in pointing us to *The Greeks and the Irrational* by E. R. Dodds, a little time with which may reassure us that loony-bin madness wasn't at all what Plato had in mind. (From Plato's Greek word *mania* the Liddell-Scott *Lexicon* refers us to *mantis*, someone in touch with a god.) The god (Dodds is firm about this) gave you information you couldn't otherwise have been privy to; it's for *information* that Homer called to the Muse. And if Democritus—not Plato—promoted the notion of the "frenzied" poet, "set apart from common humanity by an abnormal inner experience," well, says Dodds, "Plato's attitude to these claims was in fact a decidedly critical one."

But the Greeks are but a detail in a relentlessly reductive book, where you take your mind in your hands if you trust its paraphrase of anything. Amid Winchellesque haste to trample all down to lurid derangement, Dylan Thomas even gets aligned with "Eliot's teacher, friend, and opposite: Ezra Pound. Both Pound and Thomas were lyrical, emotional, outrageous, self-indulgent, and mad." And by golly, didn't Lowell, Berryman, and Jarrell make "pilgrimages to Pound when he presided in St. Elizabeth's hospital for the criminally insane"? For "they shared a tender and terrifying kinship." Aha.

Dylan Thomas and Ezra Pound! Not only could you not mistake three lines of either for the other, Thomas was boorish and drunken and could urinate on rugs, Pound a seldom drinker whose manners were impeccable. ("Since you are younger and more vigorous than I, perhaps you will not mind if I sit here"—it's typical that the first words I heard him speak were contained in a subordinate clause.)

Let me shorten this. I knew Pound; and what he preached, both in St. Elizabeths (no apostrophe, please) and out of it, was the opposite of self-indulgence; it was craft, and your obligation to visit the great men of your own time, and the need to get your facts right. I knew Lowell too. If Pound's "madness" was juridically assigned, Lowell's was biochemical. The last two times I saw Lowell (in Ohio for two hours; briefly over coffee in a Cambridge, Mass., café) the decline from the man I'd enjoyed in the Fifties was shocking. Zombified by the thorazine that did at least let him walk streets, he'd utter vacuities in a tone that hoped you'd endorse a trenchant new insight. I could make this appallingly vivid if I could remember what a single one of them was. That I cannot is the saddest thing I can find to say about the last state of Cal Lowell.

There's madness and madness, and Cal's was the real horrible thing; the wonder is what he did with it, between bouts:

. . . horse and meadow, duck and
pond,
universal consolatory

*Nor is German either. He confides that "Roethke (who did not know German well) wrote 'Ordnung! Ordnung! Papa is coming!' but probably meant to say 'Achtung! Achtung!'" Yet there's nothing *wrong* with "Ordnung! Ordnung!" unless you are unsatisfied save by cliché.

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description without significance,
transcribed verbatim by my eye

—that passivity, in *Day by Day* (1976), is eerily expressive when he lets us know he knows it's the limit, now, of what's possible for the man who could once write "Mr. Edwards and the Spider." Yet he'd not want to write that now. The numb transcribing he has been reduced to is a form of virtue, the way honesty is a form of intelligence.

And Berryman, Roethke, Jarrell, Plath. . . . No, they weren't the poets Lowell was. Let's just say that they deserve better than enshrinement in a succession of improvised Laocoön groupings, all having acerb opinions about one another and about Lowell, he doing likewise by them; none of them (so far as you'd guess from *Manic Power*) with more claim to serious attention than so many drunks at an endless fraternity party.

The American way to deal with genius is to write a biography; or with genius plus mixed cases, as here, a group biography. Either says, Do not be perturbed: a messy life like any other; remain content with the *New York Times*. Why that *is* the American way is what we seriously need a book about. □

GARBO OF ARABIA REVISITED

Aram Bakshian Jr.

A Biography: T. E. Lawrence, by Michael Yardley (Stein & Day, 267 pp., $22.95)

SOME 11 years ago, this reviewer paid qualified tribute to John Mack's bloated but meticulously researched *A Prince of Our Disorder*, and murmured a fervent prayer that God would spare us further biographies of one of the most over-publicized poseurs of modern times, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, whom, perhaps a bit ungenerously, I dubbed "Garbo of Arabia." In retrospect, it was a foolish prayer, doomed to go unanswered. The Lawrence Legend lives, thanks largely to the crafty egomania of Lawrence himself, and to the seemingly inexhaustible public appetite for romantic heroes in a distinctly unromantic age.

It is only fitting that publication of the latest Lawrence biography has coincided with the popular beatification of another boyishly middle-aged colonel, Ollie North, who, like his desert-spawned predecessor, combines real courage with a rather cavalier—not to say buccaneer—attitude toward veracity and responsibility. North of Irangate may well prove to be the Lawrence of Arabia of our times; in both his strengths and his weaknesses, however, he is but a pale reflection of the original. No doubt he, too, will father a film and book boom. Ultimately, one hopes, he will be the subject of as balanced and incisive a biographer as Michael Yardley, whose competence and readability almost justify yet another book on the desert legend.

If ever there was a blushing braggart—a self-made celebrity who first avidly courted public curiosity and then sustained it by demanding privacy at the top of his lungs—it was Lawrence of Arabia. As Richard Aldington wrote in the early 1950s, "Lawrence was always careful to foster the illusion that he was frantically avoiding publicity, which naturally created the illusion that he had something of great public interest to conceal." This

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opinion was shared by one of Lawrence's closest, but least bamboozled, friends, George Bernard Shaw, who once called him an "infernal liar" and remarked that, "When he was in the middle of the stage, with ten limelights blazing on him, everybody pointed to him and said: 'See! He is hiding. He hates publicity.'" Lawrence later avenged himself by using the alias T. E. Shaw during one of his mock flights from center stage.

GBS was only one of many famous admirers; Lawrence, a crank with streaks of brilliance, seems to have appealed to the cranky streak in many of his far more brilliant contemporaries. His devotees included such eccentric geniuses as Winston Churchill, Robert Graves, Lady Astor, and Siegfried Sassoon. The temper of the times probably had a great deal to do with it; the grimmer and grosser the war, the more the public yearns for romantic heroes, and no major modern conflict can match World War I on both counts. Faceless slaughter by bombardment in the trenches and machine-gun fire in no-man's-land made the Western Front a non-starter as far as colorful propaganda was concerned; the endless mud, squalor, and privation of the Eastern Front, followed by the collapse of Russia, made for even less promising material for the Allied side.

So off to the desert we went, courtesy of Lowell Thomas, with a little help from John Buchan, head of the wartime British Information (i.e., Propaganda) Office, a position admirably suited to that peacetime author of potboiler espionage novels. It all seemed very glamorous from a distance, although those who, like this reviewer, had relatives fighting on both the Ottoman and the Allied sides know otherwise.

To Mr. Yardley's credit, he has woven the oft-told tale of the Lawrence legend into a trim and surprisingly fresh new narrative with a solid research base. It is a good read on several levels: as a good military yarn, as a balanced and insightful examination of a most unbalanced and self-deluded character, and as a case study of just how difficult it is to undo the untruths and half-truths that inevitably entangle heroic myths in the age of mass media.

As for poor Lawrence, he emerges as a sad sort of fellow, haunted by his illegitimacy (he was a second-generation bastard, a fact he concealed during his lifetime), his masochism (in later life, as a mock-anonymous ranker in the peacetime RAF, he paid a younger companion to flog him at appointed intervals), and a homoerotic narcissism that put him in the unenviable position of loathing the one thing he loved: himself.

In peacetime, disillusioned with the mess he had left behind in Arabia, and with no real role to play in coming events, Lawrence courted death and humiliation. In our time he would have made an admirable skydiver; in 1935, the best he could do was drive his motorcycle recklessly, perishing in a high-speed accident that may have been consciously suicidal and, at the least, embodied a subconscious death wish. If not a grand, he was certainly a gross original—a talented eccentric of the sort Britain specialized in

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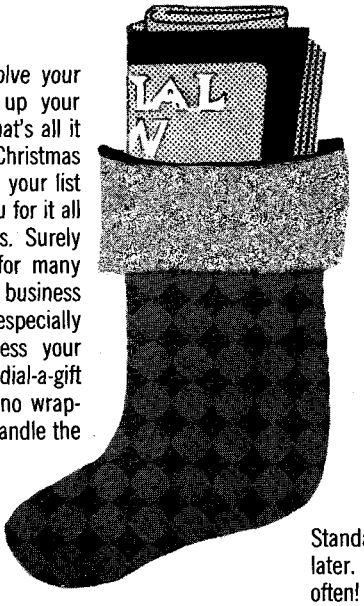

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when the Empire was great, and was rich in distant, exotic theaters of operation.

Whatever his faults, Lawrence was good entertainment value in his time, and long after. Unlucky as a man, he has been lucky as a legend. And the luck has held. Witness the little-known fact that, before Peter O'Toole was cast to play him in David Lean's inaccurate but rip-roaring film epic, *Lawrence of Arabia*, Marlon Brando nearly snagged the title role. In a saga full of real and imagined perils, that was surely the narrowest escape of them all. ☐

SOUND ON DISC

BACH & MOZART, BEETHOVEN & BOYCE

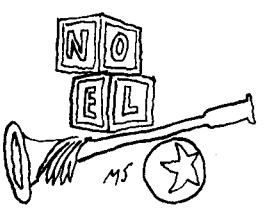
Ralph de Toledano

"THE SOUND OF the harpsichord?" Sir Thomas Beecham once remarked. "Two skeletons copulating on a tin roof." He could be jocose because he was never forced to play what I have always considered the Devil's own instrument. And such it might have remained had not Johann Sebastian Bach yanked it out of the shadows. It is an instrument without conscience, for it gives the performer neither dynamics nor *sostenuto* and compels inordinate ornamentation.

Yet the power and inventiveness of Bach's harpsichord partitas cannot be gainsaid—scores so wedded to their instrument that they are gutted when translated to the concert grand. Few who perform them, however, fully come to grips with the harpsichord's devilry. Beecham's copulating skeletons take over—or, worse still, it sounds as if the keyboard were made of eggshells. Hence it was with a small measure of dread that I placed on the compact-disc turntable Paul Badura-Skoda's recording of the six partitas of Bach's *Clavier Übung I* (Astrée E7771, distributed by Harmonia Mundi U.S.A., 3364 South Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034).

Badura-Skoda's tremendous musicianship, as I have previously noted, has lit up pages of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven that had been cobwebbed before. But could his performing genius cope with the harpsichord? The answer is an emphatic yes. His reading of these partitas has power and virility, expressing every nuance in their great emotional and technical range—and getting to the gut of Bach's meaning and purpose. Bach drove the harpsichord to the limit of its potential, and so does Paul Badura-Skoda in what may well be the recording of the year.

☐ Much that Bach wrote for the violin he later transcribed for the keyboard—violinists, we are told, were scarce—and that is what has remained with us. Now the musical scholars, exhaustively studying Bach's method and logic of composition, have restored to the violin what the keyboard instruments stole, and this is being brought to records in its original form. On *Concerti per Violino*, Salvatore Accardo and the Chamber Orchestra of Europe give us six of these pieces—BWV 1041, 1042, 1043, 1052, 1056, and 1060 (Philips 416 412-1). This is good, rousing Bach, the Baroque in climax—and listening carefully we begin to realize how carefully the developing Mozart studied the Old Man. In these concertos Bach went beyond what the Italians had laid out and gave the form a new dimension and direction. And as always, there is for us the wonder at the unflagging thematic fluency of one whose compositions ran into the thousands. We are blessed here with a rendition that is crisp and sensible, and a soloist who evokes emotion without sentimentality.



☐ Mozart's *Gran Partita* for wind instruments makes me wonder whether we focus too much on his symphonies and concertos for violin and piano. There is grace, lightness, and profundity in this Serenade in B Flat KV361—scored for paired oboes, clarinets, basset horns, and bassoons, plus four horns and a double bass (Philips 412 726-1). It is the jewel in the crown of Mozart's writings for wind instruments, and easily as rich and evocative as much of his writing for conventional orchestra. The *Gran Partita*, in fact, has been described as perhaps the grandest composition ever written for wind instruments—and it receives its due from Sir Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a partnership that has been giving record collectors consistently fine performances of pre-Romantic music, employing the instruments and the orchestra prescribed by the composers. In this particular work, Mozart was not writing a guide to orchestra composition for wind instruments, but in its seven movements there is an unbuttoning of the nature and characteristics—the mystique, if you will—of those instruments, in a setting which, like everything he did, had charm, wit, pathos, and wisdom.

Well, not everything—or is that heresy? I find myself unenthusiastic about Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, a *singspiel* which was received with tremendous Germanic applause. This is ungenerous of me. The performance by Georg Solti and the Vienna Philharmonic (London 417 402-1) has verve and polish—and the singing of Edita Gruberova, Kathleen Battle, Gösta Winbergh, Heinz Zednik, and Martti Talvela in the principal roles is top drawer. If you like *Die Entführung*, then this latest recorded traversal will give you joy. But even Mozart's happy comments in his letters to his father and the pleasure he had in writing this *singspiel* do not win me over. Perhaps I am feeding my prejudice against sung German. Or it may be that the *Figaro* and the *Giovanni* are sufficient unto Mozart's operatic day.

☐ When I put needle to Claudio Arrau's recording of Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* (Philips 416 295-1) I could not help recalling that as a young music critic I reviewed Arrau's New York debut. (At Town Hall, was it?) I do not recall what was on the program that day—probably the usual mix of Beethoven and Liszt. The years have been kind to Arrau's fingers—he is now in his eighties—and they have allowed him the boon of time to sharpen his perceptions. But I think he misses the point of this *jeu d'esprit*, which I feel he takes much too seriously. Beethoven was having a romp with the nondescript waltz Diabelli submitted to a host of composers. Beethoven's 32 variations began light-heartedly, but for the most part, they are ironic indices of his thinking, and should be played as such.

☐ "There is an original and sterling

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THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

CHRISTMAS BEING a season of dispensations great and small, I am granting to myself one of the latter category by reviewing here a book published nearly four years ago, which at the time regrettably evaded my attention. *Biblical Origins of Modern Secular Culture: An Essay in the Interpretation of Western History* (Mercer University Press, Macon, Ga.; $23.95), by Willis B. Glover, is a learned and stylishly executed historical *tour de force* that turns on their heads a great many modernist assumptions concerning the pattern and progress of Western history in the past millennium. It is still in print, and is readily available from the publisher, as I learned from a telephone conversation last week.

According to the conventional (secular) interpretation, Western culture, having got off to a promising start among the Greeks and Romans of pagan antiquity, hit a bump in the road (the Rock of St. Peter) that blocked its progress for a thousand years or so until, in the late Middle Ages, a growing party of enlightened souls discovered the means of levering it out of the way. That obstacle of dark superstition and wizardry having been removed, Western man found himself moving forward again with the speed of an Olympic torchbearer. The Renaissance rediscovered classicism and, using it as the basis for its own brand of humanism, effected the first stage in the emancipation of modern man: a process finally achieved in the full-blown secularization of the Enlightenment, whose accomplishments Western civilization has been exploring, refining, and developing for the past two centuries. According to this view, Western history has been a kind of Shavian evolution, starting with Methuselah for its raw material and completing its work with its finished masterpiece, Norman Lear. Freed forever from the Biblical values and traditions of the Bad Old Days, modern man is at liberty to develop his own potential unencumbered by any standard of value higher than himself.

This interpretation is emphatically contradicted by Professor Glover. "The secularizing of the Biblical tradition in the Enlightenment," he argues, "was . . . the origin of atheistic humanism. The transcendent God was abandoned; but the Biblical understanding of man and of the world that had derived out of belief in such a God was retained." ". . . Nobody in the West, not even those who oppose it, escapes the influence of Christianity. The common ground between Christian and atheistic existentialists is a case in point."

So far from accepting the received wisdom that the Middle Ages were the apogee of Christendom, from which Christian belief has steadily declined, Glover insists that the medieval period was rather an epoch of strenuous expansion and consolidation, during which the Church battled against heavy odds to convert a pagan, semi-barbaric Europe. The late Scholastics, he claims, were not the "degenerate" inheritors of a great tradition, but men who, by demonstrating the failure of the Biblical and classical traditions to cohere at fundamental points, freed the "modern" world view from the ancient—that is to say, the Christian from the Aristotelian—and, by positing a created world ruled by a transcendent God, laid the foundations and supplied the impetus for modern science by supplanting the rationalistic, speculative, and cosmological metaphysics of the Greeks with an empirical, analytic, and critical epistemology.

The Renaissance, so far from being a reaction against all of this, was actually a development of it; not a re-embracement of classical paganism but a celebration of the more optimistic implications of Christian revelation: man as the transcendent partner of God in creation, rather than man as sinner against God. It was during the Renaissance that the Augustinian will was rediscovered, and with it a rudimentary sense of the linear history implied by the Old and New Testaments and in contradistinction to the cyclical history of the ancients. The Renaissance, however, also produced a ferment of lay theological activity, which eventually led to the rationalistic theology of the seventeenth century. The Enlightenment was, of course, an era of aggressive, highly self-conscious revolt against Biblical tradition: a revolt whose thoroughgoing secularity was partially masked by deism, which Glover regards as not a religion at all but only a kind of apology. But the Enlightenment never managed to resolve the problem of man's freedom within a closed system: a contradiction that the "progress philosophies" of Kant, Hegel, and others were an attempt to solve.

Taking strong issue with Eric Voegelin, Glover insists that "humanism" derives, not from Gnosticism, but from the Biblical tradition itself. Humanism chooses, and discards at will, from among the rich cultural heritage of the West, trying to "put a big box in a little one." The impossibility of this endeavor has produced a crisis in the West; but it is a crisis of humanism, not of Christianity, which has managed to keep its hold on what uniquely belongs to it while at the same time sharing a shadow-zone (one is tempted to call it a no-man's-land) with humanism: a bit of accommodationism that Glover credits with maintaining what little common ground still remains to Western culture and belief.

The response of the humanists to this crisis is to appeal to history as the engine that will ultimately restore consensus by eradicating "superstition," without recognizing that it is from "superstition" that their sense of history derives. "The Western sense of history," Glover writes, "is a product of the Biblical-Christian tradition . . . some of the salient characteristics of modern culture are due to it. These would include modern faith in progress; a new pattern of explanation in history and science; professional historiography beginning about 1800; new ontologies of process; humanistic historicism; and existentialism." Humanism is trapped in a "problem of history" caused by the conflict between a powerful sense of historical existence and the "compulsion" to understand that existence according to strongly mechanistic assumptions concerning nature and man's place in it. Even more than they are aware, perhaps, the prophets of secular humanism confront a situation from which there is truly No Exit; but it is a situation of entirely their own making. □

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merit in his productions," Dr. Charles Burney wrote of William Boyce, "that gives to all of his works a peculiar stamp and character of his own, for strength, clearness, and facility, without any mixture of styles or extraneous and heterogeneous ornaments." This is a fair assessment of Boyce, who, though not reaching the heights of his great predecessor Henry Purcell, was the last English composer to leave a mark on music. Why the British musical contribution ended, with neither a bang nor a whimper, is something for social historians and musicologists to ponder. Perhaps the invasion of London by Handel left too much of the music-listening public a-yawn. But when Boyce was buried under the dome of St. Paul's in 1779, English music joined him—and no one has yet resurrected it. A sample of his genius is embossed on *William Boyce: Eight Symphonies*, excellently played on authentic instruments by The English Concert, Trevor Pinnock conducting from the harpsichord (Compact Disc 419 631-2, Archiv Produktion of Deutsche Grammophon). These symphonic pieces, mostly in three movements, have the robustness and verve of an England that was—a small grandeur, a sturdy loveliness, and a quiet elegance. Perhaps the British were too busy putting their stamp on the world to pause for the discipline of music. □

DELECTATIONS

THE FOURTH SEASON AT THE FOUR SEASONS

Nika Hazelton

WHETHER YOU like the holidays or whether you loathe them, you still have got to eat. And since even Christmas-haters like to eat well, I would advise them to go and spend some money on the best dinner in town. If you live in New York City, that means the Grill Room of the Four Seasons restaurant, where the food is as fresh as can be, quality all the way through, and sufficiently different and well prepared to make for a memorable meal.

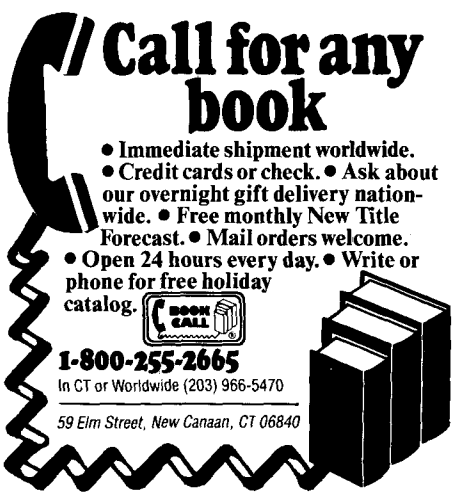
The Grill Room gained fame as the luncheon place of New York's richest and most influential men, who gathered there for the "Power Lunch." I don't know what effect the market crash has had on Power Lunches, but I do know that at night, when the powerful men are not here, the Grill Room has become a much more attractive restaurant for ordinary mortals —a spot where you might want to dine with your beloved, rather than a place where you might negotiate a takeover deal. The room has been totally refurbished—new banquettes, new carpets, new linens, new dishes, lights on every table, and waiters wearing the conventional black garb rather than the seasonal outfits for which the Four Seasons is famous.

Now, at the Grill Room, you can eat food that is simply magnificent, such as Shrimp and Corn Cakes with Ginger and Cilantro ($15) and Baked Oysters with Golden Caviar ($13.50), to mention but two of the appetizers; and main dishes such as Deviled Lamb Chops with an Eggplant Timbale ($32.50), Baked Quail Stuffed with Oysters and Sausage ($32), and three kinds of curry: Mild Chicken ($29), Spicy Shrimp ($33), and Extra Spicy Beef ($30). (It may be a comfort to know that many appetizers and main dishes can be shared by two people or more.) The desserts are as good as any you ever ate. A Chocolate Cake with Peaches was great, and so was a choice of Autumn Fruits with Fresh Raspberry Sauce. The wine list, by the way, has been scaled down from the usual Four Seasons prices. The wine by the glass is not the usual plonk, but a reputable white or red potion, and fine vintage wines, different from those on the list, are offered at reasonable prices.

Still, the Grill Room is not a cheap place to eat, by any means. It is, however, a restaurant where every ingredient used is of the very best to be found anywhere, and where the quality of the ingredients is matched by the quality of the cooking (and where the imaginative dishes send even me, who like plain and yet plainer things). The credit goes to Seppi Renggli, one of the great chefs of the world, without whom neither the Pool Room nor the Grill Room would be what it is.

Renggli, who is a very good-looking man as well as a great chef, is of Swiss origin. He is innovative without being fussy, and has picked up ideas from many different parts of the globe. For me, the distinction of Chef Renggli's cooking lies in the unexpected combinations of ingredients, such as wontons filled with wild mushrooms, or the unbelievably thinly shredded blanched vegetables that are served with his venison and polenta dishes (polenta livened up with gorgonzola and cream, as far as I can make out). In a future column, I will discuss Renggli's Spa Cuisine, which he invented and which has been imitated quite often, but without the original's healthful purpose.

But what are the poverty-stricken to do this Yuletide? Well, they can gorge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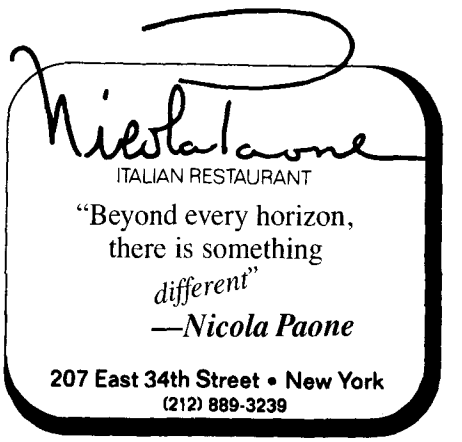

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themselves on the two great cakes that Chef Renggli developed especially for this "Delectations." These cakes can be prepared in a home kitchen, that being one of the conditions set, which Chef Renggli honored. Of course, it would be nice if one or the other cake were baked to give to someone as a gift. After all, isn't Christmas the time to think of someone else besides ourselves?

Grand Marnier Pound Cake

9 tablespoons (4½ oz.) sweet butter
½ cup sugar
½ cup mixed dried fruit (glacé fruit)
2 large eggs
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
Juice and zest of one orange
2 tablespoons Grand Marnier

Butter the bottom and sides of a one-quart loaf pan. Line the bottom with waxed paper and then butter the paper.

Cream the butter and sugar and mixed dried (glacé) fruit in the bowl of an electric mixer, on high speed, until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, and beat until the mixture is smooth and creamy. Remove the bowl from the mixer and fold in the sifted flour and baking powder, a little at a time. Fold in the orange juice, zest, and Grand Marnier. Pour the batter into the pan and bake in a 400° oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Remove cake and cool on a wire rack.

Topping:
½ cup lemon icing
¼ cup walnuts, chopped
¼ cup dried (glacé) fruit, diced

Glaze cake with lemon icing and sprinkle with nuts and dried fruit.

Orange Cranberry Cake

8 eggs, separated, at room temperature
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
½ cup sifted cornstarch
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour

Lightly butter an 8" × 8" × 2" baking pan. Dust with flour.

Beat the egg whites and salt in a large mixing bowl on medium speed until soft peaks form. Beat in the sugar, one tablespoon at a time, until very stiff peaks form.

Whisk the egg yolks and vanilla in a small bowl until blended. Pour the yolk mixture over the whites. Mix the cornstarch and flour in a small bowl. Sift over the egg mixture and fold with a rubber spatula until almost no trace of egg white shows and the dry ingredients are completely incorporated. Do not overmix.

Pour the batter into the prepared baking pan. Smooth the surface with a spatula. Bake until the cake is very lightly browned on top and the edges begin to pull away from the sides of the pan—8 to 10 minutes. When it is ready, remove the cake from the oven. Invert onto a wire rack. Cool the cake completely before assembling.

Filling and Topping:
½ cup butter
2 cups fresh, whole cranberries
2 cups orange segments
½ cup sugar
1 ounce cornstarch, dissolved
3 cups flaked coconut, lightly toasted
1½ cups heavy cream, whipped to a soft peak

Melt the butter in a small saucepan; add the cranberries, orange segments, and sugar; cook till the first few cranberries pop. Strain off the juice, bring to a boil, and thicken with cornstarch. Cook until bubbling. Add the cranberry-and-orange mixture. Bring to a boil and cool off.

To assemble, cut cake horizontally into three layers. On one square layer of cake spread a layer of cooked cranberry-and-orange mixture, then a thin layer of whipped cream; sprinkle with coconut.

Repeat with two more layers of cake and filling.

Cover the top layer with cranberry-and-orange mixture. Finish the sides with whipped cream and coconut. □

THE GIMLET EYE

GETTING PERSONAL

D. Keith Mano

Piquant, sensual, attractive redhead, 5'6", 38 (looks 28), successful executive and cross-country skier. Into health food, theater, Bach, and tenderness. Not afraid to grow. Seeks strong yet gentle, romantic prof. male, Ivy education, 35-40, who is emotionally available and has an irreverent sense of humor. Non-smoker,

5'10" or taller, who voted against Reagan at least twice.

THE REDHEAD and her ideal man don't exist. I constructed them: my ad is just a plausible collage. But what does it matter? The people who inhabit Personal World are insubstantial as fog drip anyway. Ghosts of hope. Raw sexual projection. The vaporous stuff that has energized romance fiction since Tristan met Iseult. Insubstantial but revealing. For the personal items are a profile of our expectation: vain, crass, obvious, pathetic. Despite the ostensible difference and eccentricity—"good penmanship not required, left-handed woman preferred"—there is a forlorn, dull sameness about it.

With some little practice you can smoke out the code. Everyone is at least "attractive"—which word has less critical definition than, say, "beautiful" or "well-built." "Spirited woman," for instance, means, "I'm uglier than a pig in a python, but I'll talk you blind." Not that I blame the lady: this is advertising, after all, and those are human slogans. Too much truth will wallflower you. Nonetheless, the suspicion exists that personal people *believe* they're attractive, vivacious, whatever. Some day, presumably, they'll arrange a hot assignation: they can't want to be sued for deceptive advertising. But, beyond that, American men and women have been taught—by relativist culture, by liberal jargon, by one mod therapy or another—that we are all, indeed, "attractive." Even when we look like urban sprawl in street clothes. Moreover, we *deserve*—didn't Jefferson mention happiness?—someone "handsome, tender, bright." As though we were each one half of a federal matching grant.

Actually, what you have here are New Age liberals in their most intimate courtship dance. Women control

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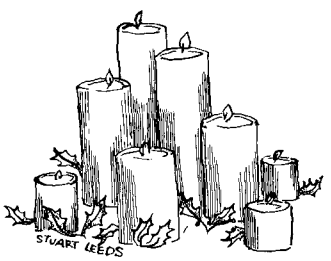
personal-column language. Their need coincides nicely with the liberal agenda. No male advertiser would dare flaunt chauvinism or even celebrate his forcefulness: instead he'd better be "still growing" or "in touch with feelings." Intellect might be conducive to success, but emotional "availability"—sensitive, gentle, affectionate—has more seductive power. That famous compassion most often directed at large, nebulous groups is here set aside for a single male or female. In return, women have graciously agreed to downplay their feminist activism. I don't claim that conservative men and women are above placing personal ads. When they do, though, in just about any publication other than *NR*, they will be well advised to gloss over their conservatism. The personal message is clear and probably effective: your love life will be held hostage until you conform to a liberal model.

Beyond that, personal columns sound rather like the internal correspondence at some Tantric health farm. Rule One: if you want a girlfriend, give up tobacco (and alcohol and drugs). Rule Two: get in shape—tennis and all your moonlit walking will take a lot of wind. Rule Three: be sensitive about art and consciousness phenomena, as was that gentleman advertiser who "Once caught a glimpse of Tom Robbins in the La Conner, Wash., post office. Yet one can't live by books and music alone." Certainly not. One must also have, Rule Four (this is crucial) a sense of humor—no, an *irreverent* sense of humor. Which means you often lampoon Reagan and the Roman Catholic Church. Personal folk are compassionate up and down, but, Rule Five, YOU DAMN WELL BETTER NOT BE SHORT. 5'10" is the cut-off point. Doesn't signify how loving and sharing I might be, at 5'4" no one will bother to lean down and notice. Heightism, ask Galbraith, is the secret shame of the liberal soul.



But health food and a private fitness consultant are expensive. Much more than lust, yuppie pragmatism underlies personal advertising. In *New York* magazine, where one line will run you $27.00 (and an average item is well over $100) the tone can be less than compassionate. "Tennis, golf, sailing from my Hamptons waterfront home." "Please be Ivy-educated and very, very successful." "Successful" without the "very" is, I'd guess, $75,000 per year, bottom figure. Someone who has two "very"s could mount *Aïda* with Placido Domingo and an elephant in his breakfast nook. Personal advertising is a class phenomenon. Historically the middle and upper middle brokered their passion. Now they have to act as both agent and flack. Blue-collar people have a greater sense of either insecurity or shame.

The personal columns in *New York* are heterosexual and 50 per cent female, 50 per cent male. (I don't imagine they can exclude gay people, but none advertise there.) In the *Village Voice*, downscale at just $9 per line, about 35 per cent are homosexual. This is hardly astounding, given *Voice* readership. What did perplex me was the considerable proportion (more than 10 per cent) of married advertisers. "MWM, on a sabbatical, would like to meet a woman in similar situation." "MWM, 36, handsome, professional, has seven-year itch." Beyond the hard-core sex correspondence catalogues, I don't remember seeing such blasé outreach to adultery before. But it was inevitable, I suppose. The personal column has always been sub-pornographic: voyeur and exhibitionist maintain their anonymity. And their control. Society has discouraged perversion by isolating it. Personal columns unstring our social fabric by allowing isolated men and women to find each other without risk across a wide circulation.

Personal advertising is, you could say, the quintessential free-market instrument. It will unite buyer and seller—HERPOID CAN'T FIND HERPETTE—where no transaction would otherwise occur. More than this, though, the enormous personal industry is symptomatic of a culture that has lost its organizing institutions. Church, club, tong, neighborhood, ethnic group no longer serve as matchmaker. There are only, so to speak, civil ceremonies left. If we cannot find our like, it is largely because we have over-individualized American experience. All that remain are vulgar *billets-doux* broadcast to an anonymous and prurient universe. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Dodgers Move West, by Neil J. Sullivan (Oxford, 252 pp., $17.95)

NEIL J. SULLIVAN, an assistant professor of administration at Baruch College in New York City, explains why the Dodgers left Brooklyn for the West Coast, and disposes of what he calls the Walter O'Malley Devil Theory. The facts are simple: New York City officials—led by Robert Moses, czar of parks, highways, and urban development—refused to accommodate Dodger owner O'Malley, who wanted them to use federal aid to acquire land in Brooklyn for a new stadium. O'Malley wanted to buy the land, not lease it, but he knew he could only do so from the city; Charles Ebbets had had a difficult enough time assembling property privately for the Dodgers' home nearly a half-century before. The city instead countered with the offer of a new municipal stadium. O'Malley would have no part of it, and packed up and moved his team to Los Angeles, whose officials saw no problem in rewriting a few laws in order to sell him Chavez Ravine. In telling the story of the infamous move, Sullivan does not neglect the history of the team, from the days of Zack Wheat and Casey Stengel through the era of Duke Snider and Jackie Robinson. But his most extraordinary work is in his final chapter, a startling attack on using public finance, particularly tax-exempt bonds, to build municipal stadiums. He concludes that "the municipal stadium is a most pernicious form of welfare awarded to millionaire sports owners. Perhaps now that a sufficient number of cities have been burned by franchise relocation, they will discover that a saner public policy is to tell teams they are welcome only if they build their own stadiums." The investment, he reasons, would not only tie them to a community, but would also lead to smaller and better ball parks, instead of today's "multipurpose monstrosities." There would be fewer "frivolous" moves, and "in smaller settings, baseball could recover its more appropriate function as entertainment, and its financial base could be strengthened by owners who are serious about the game and disciplined by market forces." JOE MYSAK

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THE HEARINGS AHEAD

NEW YORK, DEC. 2

FOLLOWING the general excitement of Mr. Gorbachev's visit, there will be hearings on the proposed INF treaty. On network news at Thanksgiving time at least one commentator said that the treaty would stand or fall on the basis of the fine print. He meant by this that one or another senator would or wouldn't be satisfied with the details of verification. Flash to Senator Cranston of California, grave of mien, who says it will be a close fight. Cranston will be the floor leader for the INF treaty, a conjunction of leader and program that must cause Mr. Reagan psychological problems. Senator Cranston would probably volunteer to act as floor leader in a move to abolish the military.

Here are points to keep in mind when the drama—and it will be nothing short of a great drama, comparable in significance to the great debate over Lend-Lease in 1940-41—unfolds.

1. You will not, in many cases, be getting from witnesses an accurate transcription of their thought. Now this is not to be dismissed as mere cynical public dissimulation. A few months ago Howard Baker was asked by a reporter how he could explain his approval of a particular initiative of President Reagan's given Mr. Baker's opposition to it when Baker was running for President in 1980. Baker's response was dignified and realistic. When he accepted the invitation to act as chief of staff for Mr. Reagan, he said, he implicitly agreed to make an effort to forward the President's agenda, not Howard Baker's.

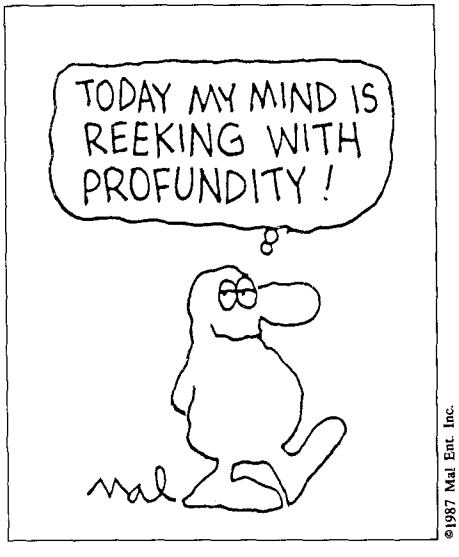
We will be hearing from generals, admirals, ambassadors, disarmament specialists, and technicians who will be praising an arms agreement they do not believe in. They are acting as advocates. They are the equivalent of lawyers, or at least so they understand themselves.

Now the distinction between a witness before a Senate committee and a lawyer addressing a jury is in fact real. Under law and tradition a defendant is entitled to get the best spokesman to make his case. The men directly around the Chief Executive feel, if not exactly an equivalent responsibility, a similar one. In most situations a lawyer may not ethically remove himself from the scene. By contrast, a general or an admiral or a disarmament expert is free to cut his bonds to the leader in protest against a policy he believes to be misguided.

You can safely assume that there are a dozen important figures on the American scene who are wrestling with their consciences at this moment.

2. There will be witnesses who believe that more harm will be done at this point by rejecting the treaty than by confirming it. Their reasoning is as follows: We never should have accepted the Zero Option proposal, for so long as there was so heavy a preponderance of conventional Soviet weapons on the frontier. But having shown public enthusiasm for the trade-off, we have re-pitched the voice of Western Europe. It is significant that a USIA poll discovers that in Western Europe the country most afraid of potential invasion by the 19-division Soviet force in East Germany is West Germany. All of 15 per cent of West Germany. The country least fearful of such a development is France (9 per cent).

These attitudes were substantially affected by our sponsorship of the Zero Option. And they are probably not reversible. Presumably if the Soviet Union were to advance militarily, or threaten to do so unless, say, NATO dissolved, those figures would rise. But the probability of their doing so because 34 members of the Senate reject the INF treaty is not great. I would not want to be the general instructed by NATO to resume deployment of Pershings and cruise missiles because the treaty did not pass the Senate. A great deal of weight will be given to this factor by witnesses.



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3. But there will also be shrewd testimony from shrewd observers. That testimony will almost certainly serve to dramatize the grave historical mistake incorporated in the reasoning behind the INF treaty. Mr. Shultz was asked the other day at an impromptu press conference whether we were in favor of more or fewer nuclear bombs: to which no sensible answer can be given in a few words. We are in favor of as many nuclear bombs as we need to restrain the Soviet Union from pursuing its imperialistic obsessions. And the ratio of arms is of zero importance. If the Soviet Union were to destroy four thousand warheads more than we destroyed, the deal would not necessarily benefit us—if, after the reduction, the cogency of our deterrent force were diminished. Hundreds of millions of people, enjoying freedom and justice, owe what they have to the existence of the nuclear bomb.

Above all, the hearings should serve the purpose of registering our gratitude for the one force sufficient to restrain the totalitarian appetite. □

DEMOCRACY IN HAITI

NEW YORK, DEC. 4

ROGER ALLAN MOORE, Esquire, with a sizable delegation, was dispatched by the State Department to Haiti with the mandate to report back to the U.S. Government whether the election on Sunday had been fair.

This is a quite recent tradition: the political version of what in arms-control lingo we call "verification." An example was the delegation sent to Saigon in 1971 to depose that the election of President Thieu had been fair. Memory is vague about the exact report of that commission, but not at all vague about the report of one of its members, a professor at Harvard. He gave birth to one of the most memorable ambiguities in recent political history: "The elections in South Vietnam were every bit as fair as those in Massachusetts."

Roger Moore, the chairman of the Haiti commission, is a Bostonian of such ele-

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gance and bearing as one would associate with the chairman of a State Department commission to investigate democratic procedures in the House of Lords. Poor Roger Moore—his trip to Haiti put one in mind of Scott-King's tour of modern Europe: he and his commission went to see another candle lit in the democratic world. Instead, they found themselves in the jungle. I am especially thankful that Roger Moore is safely back, because I love him like a brother, and because he is the chairman of the board of directors of this magazine.

But will we ever learn? It was way back that we were informed about the tentative character of political democracies. "Democracy arises out of the notion that those who are equal in any respect are equal in all respects; because men are equally free, they claim to be absolutely equal." That was Aristotle, and 2,500 years of history would appear to be sufficient confirmation of this axiom about democracy, and democracy-failed. But just as Woodrow Wilson was set on making the world safe for democracy, breeding instead Stalin and Hitler, we rail against despotism and breed public chaos.

Now the kindest thing anyone could have done for the people of Haiti between 1957 and 1971 would have been to shoot Papa Doc. He was a superstitious sadist high on guile and corruption. His son was an affront to political and social aesthetics, but in fact was less inclined to rule by violence than his father. Few Haitians wish Baby Doc back, save possibly those who cannot speak today because they were killed on Sunday in the effort to replace him. But getting rid of the Duvaliers doesn't tell us democracy is the next step.

REPRESENTATIVE Stephen Solarz of Brooklyn, who is guaranteed not to permit an opportunity to pass by without uttering a liberal cliché, has a wonderful idea what to do about Haiti. First, you ask the "government" of Haiti to invite a regional force to come in and enforce "free and fair" elections. But if the government—the same government, the democratic pieties of General Namphy notwithstanding, that stood by while the butchers did their work—declines to invite a "regional force" (including Cuba?) to come in and impose democracy on Haiti, we send one in anyway.

Leaving us with?

Utter mockery. The notion that, after the Solarz democratic regional army comes in and supervises elections, political hygiene will come to a country that has been ruled by dictators for thirty years is voodoo politics. If you will permit a dirty word, what Haiti needs right now is a twenty-year dose of benevolent colonialism. Except that it affronts his sense of what is proper, I should suggest that Mr. Solarz volunteer to act as Emperor of Haiti for a dozen years, or, if the title puts him off, Procurator of Haiti: whatever. Then go ahead with the elections, but hope that when the time comes to do so, the elections will not be likened to the holocaust of last Sunday. In Spain, General Franco stepped in, in 1936, when the country, unaccustomed to democracy, was bent on destroying itself and very nearly succeeded. One million casualties later, Spain began a very long road back to a democracy that was forty years in gestation. Perhaps Franco could have let his country go earlier. We will never know.

But we should know that to go directly from Duvalier to one-man/one-vote is the kind of thing best done in think-tanks at Harvard, where when it doesn't work, people don't get killed. □

ON GIFT-GIVING

NEW YORK, NOV. 18

WHEN I WAS 13 years old I was chaperoned here and there, along with two sisters of about the same age, around the greater environs of London. My music teacher, whom I loved and still do, was by my side when I went to the counter of a little souvenir shop in Stratford-upon-Avon and paid out three or four shillings for Shakespearean sundries I had picked out. An elderly lady took my money, withdrew from the display case a tiny one-square-inch edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, and, smiling, gave it to me. A gift. I took the sixpence she had just before given me in change, and deposited it in her hand: a reciprocal gift. Once outside, I received a kind but resonant rebuke from my music teacher. I had done an offensive thing, she instructed me. A gift is a gift, she told me. I must learn, she said, to accept gifts. They are profaned by any gesture of automatic reciprocity.

Many years later I read, in some biography or other of Abraham Lincoln, about an episode that had briefly stalled the receiving line at the White House with corporate embarrassment. A lady in the receiving line, after exchanging formal greetings with the President, thrust forward a huge bundle of long-stemmed roses, depositing them in Lincoln's hand. The President—and the receiving line—were immobilized. Abraham Lincoln smiled. And said, "Are these really for me?"

"Yes," the guest replied, beaming.

"In that case," Lincoln said, "I can think of nothing that would give me more pleasure than to present them to you."

The flowers were returned; there were smiles all the way around. The lady took back her roses, smiled in turn, and the line moved on. That is a singular exception to my music teacher's injunction about the social sin of reciprocal gifts. Few people, in public life or private, have managed—could manage—such extemporaneous grace.

Many years went by. And then, a fortnight ago, I received on my trusty electronic MCI a message from a friend, a computer expert. He said that the retrieval system I had yearned for, which would permit me to locate individual book titles in my library via my computer, had been completed. He had worked on it (in the interstices of his busy schedule) for more than a month. "It is yours," his message read, "as a belated Christmas present." I flashed back on MCI (that is the only hazardous aspect of that wonderful system, the temptation to the on-the-spot reply) that I insisted he send me a bill for professional services. One minute later, my mind traveling back to the little souvenir store at Stratford, in utter dejection I shed the grown-up equivalent of tears at my gaucherie.

The unrequited gift is, in Burke's phrase, part of the unbought grace of life. The effort there and then to repay scars the transaction: what is left is a fatally deglamorized event. The spontaneous or, for that matter, the long-contemplated appreciative gesture is X-rayed into desiccated atomic parts.

THE UNIVERSAL offense, remarked by Ortega y Gasset as the mark of the masses in revolt, is that of the Westerner—rich or poor—who accepts without any thought of any debt incurred the patrimony we all enjoy, those of us who live in the free world. The numbing, benumbing thought that we owe nothing to Plato and Aristotle, nothing to the prophets who wrote the Bible, nothing to the generations who fought for freedoms reified in the Bill of Rights—we are basket cases of ingratitude. We cannot hope to repay Socrates what he gave us, but to live lives without any sense of obligation to those who made those lives as tolerable as ours are—the lack of gratitude to our parents, who suffered to raise us, our teachers, who labored to teach us, the scientists who prolonged our life when our appendix burst—is spiritually atrophying.

We cannot repay the gift of the Beatitudes. But the failure to recognize that we all owe a huge debt that can only be requited by our puny efforts to repay the gifts we inherit marks us as the masses in revolt; against our benefactions, our benefactors. To fail to feel gratitude, when walking through the Metropolitan Museum, or when listening to the music of J. S. Bach, isn't to avoid profaning the generosity of the little old lady behind the counter at Stratford-upon-Avon, but to decline to express, however clumsily, our gratitude for the fruits of genius, for the generosity that gave us the lives we lead. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Situations Wanted

MALE, 26, J.D. candidate ('88), seeking employment in Northeast. Open to any field, not just legal; skills include writing, editing, researching, acting, and good manners. NR Box 5066B.

Financial

FREE CURRENT ISSUE: new weekly "market-timing" service provides objective, computer-based price-trend analyses and trend turning points for asset preservation. Relative strength comparisons made for U.S. and 15 major foreign stock markets. *Market Turning Points Weekly* updates an "asset-allocation" model for a diversified portfolio. Call 800-222-7029, ext. 120, or 405-843-9300, ext. 120.

FREE: *The Investor's Guide to Rare Coins.* How you can profit. Dr. Rich Woodbury, P.O. Box 55824, Seattle, Wash. 98155. 206-367-2318.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SINGLE, WHITE MALE, 34, 5'7", NYC, seeks single, white female to share sports, politics, rock music, '88 GOP victory. Religion unimportant, love of America is! P.O. Box 20090, New York, N.Y. 10025.

SAN FRANCISCO PROFESSIONAL, staunchly traditional Catholic, 38, 6'0", considered handsome, seeks very placid, slender, non-smoking, never-married, and devoutly orthodox Catholic young lady. Interests: Rosary, pro-life activities, and pre-Vatican II theology. Write NR Box 5092.

SCANDINAVIA–U.S.A.–AUSTRALIA: network of members seeking enlightened correspondence, lasting friendship. Scanna, Box 4-HNR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

JEWISH, WHITE FEMALE enjoys theater, dining out, travel, C-SPAN, WNET. Interested in meeting a gentleman, civic-minded, 60s. NR Box 5085.

LOS ANGELES SPECIAL LADY, 40ish, very attractive, emotionally and financially secure; enjoys travel, horseback riding, and cooking; seeks counterpart with sense of humor and ability to mix business, family, pleasure. NR Box 5087.

FUN-LOVING but shy northeast-Ohio male, 44, not religious but moral, not into bar scene; likes music (jazz to rock to New Age), tennis, movies, and fireplaces. Searching for intelligent, witty, slender, down-to-earth woman, 35–45, for companionship and maybe more. Write NR Box 5089.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others—for hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations —members nearby and 90 countries worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

ARE YOU CULTURED and single? Single Booklovers was started in 1970 to help cultured singles get acquainted through a monthly national newsletter. Write SBL, Box 117NR, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call 215-358-5049.

MANHATTAN INVESTMENT BANKER, 27, Ivy League, 5'9", very bright, athletic, 150 lbs., loves the outdoors, running, tennis, sailing. Interests include old movies, Buddhism, commodity trading, rhythm and blues, sun-drenched beaches, deep relaxation. Seeks an attractive, secure, tall, intelligent woman, 23–27, who enjoys good conversation, is faithful, has her own interests, appreciates intimacy and romantic evenings. Photo preferred. Write NR Box 5075.

DIRECTORY for thinking singles. Loveline, Box 9524, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

PROFESSOR, 34, healthy, handsome, Victorian; loves hiking, writing, philosophizing, travel; self-knowing rather than worldly-wise; seeks same in pretty, highly principled girl. Intentions honorable. NR Box 5088.

For Sale

DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN: mint-edition, famous Wednesday, November 3, 1948, *Chicago Tribune.* Best offer over $750. NR Box 5090.

DOGHOUSES: high-density polyethylene. Small, $29; medium, $39; large, $49. Free shipping. For details call toll-free, 800-962-2090.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE playing cards, $3 per deck. Kids love basics of faith, key prayers, 10 Commandments, 7 capital sins, blackjack, poker. Father Armstrong, 2300 S. Washington, Tacoma, Wash. 98405.

THE AWARD-WINNING Adam Smith necktie—gold on navy blue or gold on burgundy. $22.50, postage paid. VISA and MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, One Decatur Place, North Adams, Mich. 49262-0277. Telephone 517-287-5888.

OLD RADIO PROGRAMS on cassettes. Send for free list. Old Time Radio, 2000 N.W. Military, Suite 8, San Antonio, Tex. 78213.

MISSISSIPPI SMOKED QUAIL, the ultimate gourmet gift. Enjoy your holiday. Just send us your shopping list. We ship direct. Eight delicious entrees ready to heat and eat. $22 plus $3 shipping. VISA or MasterCard accepted. Call 800-647-2354, ext. 508. In Miss., 800-962-2309, ext. 508. Or write PQP Farms, Route 2, Box 209C, Mendenhall, Miss. 39114.

GOLLY, OLLIE! Here are all the participants in the Iran–Contra hearings in lively drawings by artist Ron Crawford. Large, beautiful, full-color poster. Historical. $12.50 plus $2.50 shipping. Harmony Graphics, Box 1946, Evanston, Ill. 60204.

Real Estate

WOULD LIKE TO BUY Oregon seashore residence in tranquil area. Or will exchange for 200-year-old Virginia country home with acreage near bustling area. NR Box 5091.

FIRST-CLASS OFFICE SPACE: 710 up to 34,000 sq. ft., economically attractive rates/concessions. Locations in northern Virginia with easy access to D.C. Peter Marx, Charles E. Smith Management, Inc. 703-284-7698.

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BUSINESS CONSULTANTS specializing in business planning, corporate strategies, economic models, econometrics, transportation, lobbying assistance in D.C. Write NR Box 5074.

MULTI-NATIONAL CONSULTANTS, INC., can increase your export sales. 35 years' international experience. Strong orientation in aviation and related products. Excellent military, government, and commercial contacts throughout free world. Telephone 214-956-1580. NR Box 5063B.

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classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. Invitations to personal relationships must specify at least 3 interests. National Review does not accept classified political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements that are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

LEE BYRD:

Man with a Mission

"There are great similarities in the eras," Weinberger once said. "It was considered basically bad form always to keep calling attention to Nazi power, always urging rearmament. Now . . . it is considered kind of a nuisance if you cry havoc."

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WE FIND ANYTHING for $5. American Resources Network, 1406 N. Chicago, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004.

NEW-YORK-BASED ATTORNEYS—literate, competent, intelligent. Securities, investments, trials. Write NR Box 5019.

INVESTIGATIONS. Have computer, will travel. Discreet, sophisticated investigations. How much do you know about that proposed business partner, spouse? Sleep better. Background, witness location, accidents, estates. Fully licensed and bonded. David Barrett and Associates, 33 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003. 212-777-6085.

Employment Opportunities

AUTHOR: Book opportunity for conservative author. I supply the idea, but the book will be yours. Write John Howland, 1807 Glenview Road, Glenview, Ill. 60025.

Vacation

BE GUESTS in our remote lakeside home in the Arctic National Park in Alaska's Brooks Range. Hiking, rafting, canoeing, fishing, photography. To personalize your wilderness adventure, we host only one or two people at a time. Adventuresome senior citizens welcome. Hosts: university professor, teacher wife. NR Box 5081.

Literary

VIETNAM VETERANS: Soldier/student needs reflections, stories for book. Information: NR Box 5086.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRL, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

HAND-CALLIGRAPHED, limited-edition volume! Sonnets commemorating the Holy Father's travels by World of Poetry's "Golden Poet" award winner. *Pope of Peace* is a beautiful, meaningful keepsake, thoughtful gift. $19, including p&h, to B. J. Sachara, 1160 Third, Gilroy, Calif. 95020.

PUBLISHING AGENT WANTED. Published economist seeks help in finalizing and publishing (desk-top?) manuscript on new conservative-libertarian ideology. Full draft available. NR Box 5084.

CONSERVATIVE BOOKS: lists issued, free search service. CML Books, RR 1, #92, Elverson, Pa. 19520.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1178NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send requests to 2035NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Miscellaneous

TASTY ENGLISH SCONE recipe, $3. Kentish Kitchen, 381-1275 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95405.

NICARAGUAN FREEDOM FOUNDATION: specializing in supplying medicines, pharmaceuticals to those who have sacrificed to promote democracy in Nicaragua. This is your opportunity to assist the Contras and participate personally in establishing civil liberty. We absolutely guarantee correct delivery. For a precise list of medical requirements, write Jack J. Goehring III (formerly Captain, U.S. Army, Vietnam), Law Offices, 1005 Spring Hill Road, McLean, Va. 22102.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Satan's work — 160 98 35 79 18 170 52 123 12

B. Favorite committee of the tax-and-spend crowd (3 words) — 134 5 174 149 127 99 76 196 20 187 / 32 62

C. Shot — 122 193 112 85 49 184 31 2 144

D. Home of the Hoyas — 145 140 39 108 58 159 26 171 63 9

E. Tot's toy — 74 56 131 96 118 24 195 153 11 109

F. Gave evidence — 82 197 128 53 91 166 157 22 69

G. Sandwich ingredient — 15 75 190 119 45 155 60

H. Made worse — 154 121 178 55 138 37 16 151 110 3 / 86

I. Descriptive of Jim Watt's personality? — 192 66 147 90 115 40 13 80

J. Political meeting — 124 25 113 71 100 194

K. One kind of legislation — 167 38 57 175 104 70 130

L. Spiro's plea (2 words) — 172 165 14 54 142 107 29 83 156 137 / 1 97 46 36

M. Pretense — 33 132 185 101 68

N. Bean dish — 169 173 117 67 47 17 103

O. Spooky Indian? — 164 125 64 105

P. It can be slip or rough — 180 93 143 30

Q. Like a new flue (hyph.) — 152 50 8 23 88 146 126 72

R. Attacks — 116 183 21 94 189 41 61

S. River in northwestern Wyoming — 114 135 162 4 27 44 188 87

T. Recent U.S. foe (2 words) — 48 111 141 73 84 158 19 182 133 6 / 28 161

U. The rest — 42 92 150 77 59 179

V. Sailor's exclamation (2 words) — 177 102 120 139 10 191 34

W. Sends forth — 136 51 81 186 95

X. Shorty wears these (to raise his spirits!) — 65 89 106 176 148

Y. Overblown windbag style — 181 168 43 78 129 163 7

1 L	2 C	3 H	4 S		5 B	6 T	7 Y	8 Q	9 D	10 V		11 E	12 A	13 I	14 L	15 G		16 H	17 N	18 A	19 T	20 B	21 R
22 F		23 Q	24 E	25 J	26 D		27 S	28 T	29 L	30 P	31 C	32 B	33 M		34 V	35 A	36 L	37 H		38 K	39 D	40 I	41 R
	42 U	43 Y		44 S	45 G	46 L		47 N	48 T	49 C	50 Q	51 W	52 A		53 F	54 L		55 H	56 E	57 K	58 D	59 U	60 G
61 R	62 B		63 D	64 O	65 X	66 I		67 N	68 M	69 F	70 K	71 J	72 Q		73 T	74 E	75 G		76 B	77 U	78 Y	79 A	80 I
81 W	82 F		83 L	84 T	85 C		86 H	87 S	88 Q	89 X	90 I	91 F	92 U		93 P	94 R	95 W		96 E	97 L	98 A	99 B	
100J	101M	102V	103N		104K	105O	106X	107L	108D	109E		110H	111T		112C	113J	114S	115I	116R	117N	118E		119G
120V	121H		122C	123A	124J	125O	126Q	127B	128F	129Y	130K		131E	132M	133T		134B	135S	136W	137L	138H	139V	140D
141T		142L	143P	144C	145D	146Q	147I	148X	149B		150U	151H	152Q		153E	154H	155G	156L	157F	158T	159D	160A	
161T	162S	163Y	164O		165L	166F		167K	168Y	169N		170A	171D	172L	173N	174B		175K	176X		177V	178H	179U
	180P	181Y	182T	183R	184C		185M	186W		187B	188S	189R		190G	191V	192I	193C		194J	195E	196B	197F	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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